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The Week

THE friends of Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska have placed his name on the primary ballot of that state, and it is very much to be hoped that they will succeed in electing delegates to the Republican national convention who are pledged to support him. It is also very much to be hoped that his name will appear as a candidate on the ballots for the Republican presidential primaries in the other progressive states of the West. Senator Norris himself deserves the tribute of the united support of all progressives who are affiliated with the Republican party. He has fought more disinterestedly, more persistently, more intelligently and more loyally for progressive causes than any other national statesman. This record disqualifies him as a presidential candidate for either party, but it certainly entitles him to an enthusiastic vote of confidence on the part of every progressive who has the opportunity of casting it.

A DESIRE to pay a tribute to a valiant and a distinguished progressive is not, however, the only reason why it is desirable to elect Norris delegates to the Republican national convention. It may be of great importance to the progressive cause to have present in Detroit a flock of dependable progressive delegates from the West, who, after paying their tribute to Senator Norris, can concentrate on the support of the most progressive among the leading candidates. A perfectly obvious conspiracy is now being hatched to make sure that the Republican politicians, guided and abetted by big business, can name the candidate without being obliged to consult adverse opinion or popular preferences. The plan is, of course, to send delegates to the convention who are either unpledged or are pledged to give a complimentary vote to some favorite son. This is the Mellon plan, and it is being assisted by the Republican organizations of New York, Massachusetts and Illinois—states in which financial interests are most powerful. If it succeeds, the Republican candidate will be nominated, as Harding was, as the result of a back-stairs intrigue, the object of which will be to select a candidate who, above everything else, will be guaranteed to obey orders. The power which Mr. Mellon now exercises is the most sinister single fact in American life. If it continues to prevail, it will tend to reproduce all over the Union the political standards of Pennsylvania.

RAISING of the rediscount rate by the Federal Reserve Banks in Chicago and Richmond, accompanied by selling of securities by the New York bank, seems already to have tightened credit somewhat and reduced the total of brokers' loans. It is uncertain if, or when, the New York Federal Reserve Bank will increase its rate, but of one thing we may be sure—credit devoted to speculation on the stock market cannot keep on increasing for ever. It may not markedly decline this year, but at least it will not show the same increase as last. There is a good deal of question how much interest rates ordinarily affect the course of the stock market; the influence of a change in them is probably as much psychological as otherwise. But there is no doubt that recent appreciation of stocks has largely been financed by easy credit. Stock-market "prosperity" is therefore uncertain in the near future, however much the administration may want to keep up the illusion of a never-ending rise in

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values. We do not entertain the fatuous hope that when a fall occurs the general public will not be holding the bag, but it might be well to issue the customary and well founded warning that in any gambling game the insiders and the book-makers in the long run are never the losers.

BY heroic scrimping and paring, President Coolidge and Budget Director Lord announce, the expenses of the government, exclusive of those amounts applied to reduction of the public debt, have been reduced from $3,295,000,000 in 1923 to $2,974,000,000 in 1927—a fall of $321,000,000 or not quite 10 percent. But this year the government will have to spend about $127,000,000 more than last, an increase more than half of which is accounted for by the enlarged demands of "national defense"—meaning, in the main, a start on the new $3,000,000,000 naval program. Doubtless it is worth while to save on paper clips in order to build warships, but somehow this administration's achievements in "economy" do not impress us much. A large part of the reduction in spending has arisen from liquidation of war activities and debt retirement. Some relatively small part of it has resulted from real elimination of waste and introduction of better method. Too much sacrifice of needed services has, however, been incurred for the minor savings resulting. We blame the administration, not for saving too little in civilian expenditure, but for spreading the impression that it was reasonable to expect much salutary trimming in this direction. Every big business administrator knows that the enlargement of his overhead for intelligent activities may be the truest economy. In the past five years the total plant in the nation has tremendously increased, and the national income has risen by leaps and bounds. Yet the federal government by its economy program has crippled many invaluable services, and has failed to undertake necessary new ones, all for a 10 percent saving. And now this saving is to be sopped up by instruments for new war.

THE American Bar Association seems to have been fortunate in the membership of its Committee on Commerce, which has been investigating the possibility of more peaceable adjustment of industrial disputes. This committee might have gone off on some wild-goose chase of compulsory arbitration, or the forcible prevention of strikes. Instead, it sensibly recommends a policy of encouraging contracts between employers and labor organizations which shall provide for negotiation and arbitration. The only change from the ordinary trade-union procedure which is involved is a recommendation that such agreements to arbitrate, when freely and voluntarily made, shall be enforceable (presumably by law). This is in line with the present arbitration provisions on the railroads under the Watson-Parker law, which was recommended to Congress by the unions and employers jointly. The Committee also suggests the establishment of a National Industrial Council to investigate controversies and report on the facts. This is a praiseworthy attitude. We hope that the lawyers will note, however, that the recommendations, if carried out, would not remove one of the chief causes of industrial controversy—that is, the refusal of employers to recognize unions and to agree with them to arbitrate or to do anything else.

IT is welcome news that a Southern Industrial Council has been formed, consisting of influential men and women of the South, to seek the reduction of working hours in Southern industries to a maximum of nine per day and fifty-four per week, and the elimination of night work for women. Dr. Broadus Mitchell of Johns Hopkins University is the chairman of the council, and Bishop James Cannon, Jr., of Washington, is the chairman of its executive committee. The council points out that at present many cotton mills in the South retain the eleven-hour day and the twelve-hour night, that, legally, North Carolina and Georgia have the sixty-hour week, South Carolina the fifty-five-hour week, and Alabama has no limit. All the states permit women to work at night. A thorough factual study of the situation of labor is projected by the council. That an awakening is needed in the South is attested not only by these facts, but by an advertisement of the New Industries Commission of Richland County, South Carolina, in a recent issue of Commerce and Finance. This body, seeking to attract Northern capital, states that the average annual wage in South Carolina textile mills is only $631, as compared with $954 in Massachusetts, that there is a large surplus of labor seeking employment, and that textile unions are unknown. Does anyone seriously believe that the South—or Massachusetts, for that matter—will prosper by the continuance of such pitiable wages? What about the supposedly large consuming power of supposedly high-paid American labor? Such a statement looks like a notice to producers of popularly consumed products to keep their sales appeals out of Southern papers. It blazons abroad the extreme poverty of the textile population.

THE dunces of New England—the cotton manufacturers who are now well launched on a wage-slashing campaign—should be kept after school and made to write a hundred times on their slates the following passage from an address by Samuel Vauclain, president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works (an open-shop concern) to the Chicago Association of Credit Men: "The continuance of good times for the employed and general business prosperity depends mainly upon maintaining throughout this land the highest possible wage rate that can be paid to those who labor for a livelihood. We should rise above paying only such wages as the supply and demand require us to do; we should

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pay a living wage to all, and then with well paid assistance hustle to continue in business." What the cotton industry needs is not lower wages but better management.

AT the recent dinner of the Dartmouth Alumni Association of Boston, Judge Webster Thayer was a guest of honor. When the first speaker referred to Thayer as one of the nation's heroes—" a peace-time soldier . . . who fought for his country," President Lowell of Harvard (who, it will not soon be forgotten, headed Governor Fuller's Commission on the Sacco-Vanzetti case) and President Hopkins of Dartmouth joined in the terrific applause. According to the Boston Post, when the cheers finally subsided, "Judge Thayer rose from his seat, bowed, and then, pillowing his face in his arms, openly wept." Sacco and Vanzetti are dead; their little judge weeps; and Lowell and Hopkins, leaders of our generation, cheer.

ACCORDING to recent cablegrams from Europe, a serious attempt to settle the reparations problem may be made during the present year. It has been usually assumed that, before public opinion in France would be prepared to reconsider the Dawes Plan, experience must demonstrate that Germany could not transfer and probably could not collect the annuities which the Plan calls for. If this assumption is true, the most complicated and embittered of all international problems would not come up for reconsideration until some time in 1929. Now, however, it is reported that during a recent visit by Mr. Parker Gilbert to Paris he labored to convince M. Poincaré of the desirability of proposing a reduction, this fall, of the total of German reparations to a reasonable sum which might be raised by an international loan, and which would put an end to the embarrassing and, in the end, to the intolerable, supervision of German finance and economics. Apparently Mr. Gilbert wishes France to take the initiative in the matter, and to propose a possible settlement, rather than have one finally forced upon her. Whether he succeeded or failed the deponent sayeth not, but apparently he did not conclusively fail. He has offered a superb opportunity to M. Poincaré. The latter is in a better strategic position to do it than any French statesman. Unfortunately, however, there is nothing in his record which encourages one to hope that he will see the opportunity.

IF neither M. Poincaré nor any other French statesman dares or cares to propose a settlement, the only other government whose initiative in the matter might have some chance of success is the United States. President Coolidge would then have the opportunity of celebrating his last months in office by trying to negotiate a composition such as that recently proposed by Mr. S. O. Levinson in the New Republic. Here again, the man is not very well educated to undertake the job. The obstacles to success are enormous, and Mr. Coolidge does not like to take up arms against a sea of troubles. On the other hand, all who understand know that there is no way out except by means of an international loan which is used to take up both reparations and inter-Allied debts, and the statesman who starts to realize the idea will go down to history as the pacifier of Europe and a great benefactor of mankind. Moreover, in Mr. Dwight Morrow Mr. Coolidge has an able assistant who, from his experience and connections, would be admirably qualified to undertake the preliminary negotiations. It looks as if by the end of the summer Mr. Morrow will have almost completed the beneficent work which he has undertaken in Mexico. Mr. Coolidge could transfer Mr. Morrow to Europe and commission him to explore the possibility of a thorough liquidation, with the aid of the United States, of the war liabilities.

Al Smith's Opportunity

IF Governor Smith is looking for a significant issue by which to distinguish his approach to the national life from that of an enlightened servant of business like Mr. Hoover, we can recommend none better than the present existence and future danger of widespread unemployment, to which the New Republic has editorially called attention in several previous issues, and which Professor Sumner H. Slichter emphasizes on another page in this. The prestige of the present administration, and especially of that important part of it for which Mr. Hoover is responsible, is mainly based upon prosperity. This is supposed to be due to the unhampered activities of business in developing better methods, eliminating waste, investing large amounts of capital, and increasing productivity per man-hour of labor. But the adulation of the industrial scene which has been so widely indulged overlooks entirely the accompanying defects in prosperity, of which unemployment is one of the most serious. The probable existence of a large number out of work is, indeed, mainly attributable to the much-touted fact that industry has been able to produce so large an output with a decreasing number of employees. Mr. Hoover is further vulnerable in having disregarded this defect because the beginning of his incumbency was marked by the unemployment of 1921-22, and by the consideration of its causes and possible cures in a national conference under his leadership. He was aware both of the danger and of suggested remedies, and he seems to have regarded them as of small importance.

The issue of unemployment is not, to be sure, one that could be capitalized as a vote-catcher by a practical politician. The unemployed themselves have no campaign funds to contribute, and they do not command enough votes to turn an election. Calling attention to such an unpleasant situation would not recommend a candidate to those who, intent

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upon profits and rising values, wish to avoid any disturbing reflections in the national mind. Nor are there any easy political formulæ which could be urged as a cure. But we doubt whether Governor Smith or any other candidate of a minority party could possibly improve his chance of election by any isolated and superficial appeals to specific areas of discontent, even if the discontented had more political influence than those who lack work.

The opportunity which the existence of unemployment offers to the right man is of a different and larger nature. If he were genuinely concerned about it, and showed his concern, regardless of any influence which his action might exert upon his campaign, he would give evidence of a character and a mind much needed in American life and much lacking in its present leadership. Such a practical instance of caring for human values in industrial development would show a courage and a warmth of spirit which, while it would not contribute to a cheap victory, might in the long run help to construct a refreshing and soundly based alternative to current Republicanism. Intellectually, too, the issue is capable of bearing fruit. For it is not an isolated phenomenon, to be cured by some simple administrative or legislative trick, but a symptom of profound maladjustments in our whole economy. It is one sign that what we increasingly need is not governmental *laissez-faire,* in the confidence that a competitive race for profits will automatically produce the best of all possible worlds, but a continuous and many-sided effort to control our economy for social ends. This effort could not depend on government alone, nor could it be effectuated in a single administration, but a candidate for President who felt the need for it and had some conception of what it required might become the leader of a movement, and incidentally of a party, which bore some relevance to the national life and which would show a vitality superior to that of the present degenerate offspring of early nineteenth-century Democracy.

What could such a man, with such a point of view, say to point out the significance of unemployment as an indication of the need for a fundamentally different outlook upon industry from that of the Republicans?

Beginning with elementary considerations, he could point out that in spite of the enormous recent proliferation of current economic statistics—greater than in any other country save, perhaps, Russia—we have nothing approaching a precise measurement of the amount of unemployment which exists. We do not even know how many there are out of work, where they are, what their trades are, or whether any of them could be given jobs. This is because we have no nationally integrated system of employment exchanges. Great Britain and other countries have such systems; we had an excellent beginning of a federal system during the War, but it was scrapped at the behest of employers eager to get back to business as usual. The relief of unavoidable unemployment is, moreover, left entirely to sporadic private charity except in the cases of a very few progressive industries and employers who have adopted unemployment-insurance plans. It is almost an item of faith among business leaders in this country that because Great Britain has national unemployment-insurance, she has suffered from depression, as if every British worker who lacked a job were a malingerer, depending on public bounty instead of accepting proffered work. This wholly unjustified assumption has led to the absurd conclusion that the absence of any prevision on our part will prevent us from suffering from depressions. Or is the measure opposed for the still more disreputable reason that a reservoir of penniless unemployed tends to reduce wages and makes those who have jobs more subservient? This prevailing misconception, unchallenged by the party in power, deserves to be ruthlessly attacked. It may be that federal unemployment-insurance is inadvisable in this country; perhaps a federally instigated and aided state system is preferable; but there can be no doubt that some general system of unemployment insurance is both feasible and would be beneficial to everyone concerned. At a relatively low cost it would do away with much suffering and much of the waste of private charity; at the same time it would do a highly useful bit toward sustaining the purchasing power of the community—an aim now popularly recognized as desirable.

Such primitive measures of facing and alleviating unemployment are naturally the mere beginning of the subject, which ought to be accepted as a matter of course before considering more important measures—those of prevention. What causes unemployment, and how can it be cured? Economic science is not yet far enough advanced so that we can be sure of answers to these questions until after a good deal of study and experimentation, which may take years. Progress may be made, but, because of the uncertainty of our treatment, we cannot justly fail to take alleviatory steps in the meantime.

Mr. Slichter believes, and so do we, that a good deal of the unemployment now in evidence is due, not to the cyclical alternation of boom and depression, but to changing methods and increasing productivity in industry, whereby more goods can be turned out by fewer men. Classical economics teaches that such advances in productivity help the workers themselves (in the long run) by increasing the general stock of goods *per capita.* On this basis economists and employers have lectured labor for its occasional opposition to improved machinery and better devices, and have welcomed labor's new favorable attitude to increased efficiency. But how long will this welcome conversion endure if (in the short run, which may continue for years) the better living standards of others are purchased at the cost of deplorable privation on the part of millions thrown out of work? A far-seeing industrial leadership would in its own interest give concentrated at-

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tention to this problem. When more goods are produced by fewer men, what will suffice to give employment to the men dispensed with? There may be several types of answers to the question.

Enough extra goods may be sold to call them back to their places. That will require sufficiently enlarged effective demand in the markets. And the first requirement of larger effective demand is that the consumers of the goods in question should have enlarged purchasing power. The enlargement of purchasing power may come through a reduction in prices of the goods offered for sale. Prices can be reduced, because, with the greater efficiency, the goods can be made more cheaply. This train of events has occurred, in large measure, in the automobile industry previous to 1927. For this reason we do not share what seems to be Mr. Slichter's assumption that reduced prices necessarily mean reduced wages, and that there is no hope in lower prices. Lower prices, with the same or higher wages, are both feasible and desirable as one remedy for unemployment caused by increased productivity. Are prices falling fast enough to keep pace with improved technique? If not, how can they be made to do so? Price control is one element in the problem. And that touches immediately such questions as the regulation of railroad and public-utility rates, valuation of public-utility properties, the possible extension of regulation to other quasi-monopolistic industries, and the protective tariff.

Lower prices, however, obviously do not furnish the complete answer. They are worse than useless in the case of industries where they are not accompanied by increased productivity and lower unit costs. And even in cases where they are so accompanied, the industry in question may be approaching the saturation point of demand for its particular product—as now seems to be the case, again, with automobiles. The automobile plant may have been expanded too rapidly, through the usual thoughtless competitive exploitation of what was mistakenly assumed to be an unlimited market. How can such over-expansion be prevented? And when the stimulus of one temporarily expanding industry is removed by the saturation of its demand, how can another stimulus be substituted for it? Both these questions have to do with the allocation of new capital. Can new capital investment be better controlled for the general good? Could not railroads, whose efficiency of operation is under the legal jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission, be brought to understand the benefits, both to themselves and the community, of placing their immense orders for improvements and equipment mainly at times when markets were low? Could not the same practice be extended to other industries? Here is a chance for using more and better information, for employing the power of credit to better advantage, and for regulating governmental expenditures for public works and other projects which may be pushed or postponed, so as to increase the demand on industry when that demand should be increased.

Since the expansion of market demand is now the principal requirement, attention is turned also to the main industrial sore spots in the nation's economy. Consider the hundreds of thousands of bituminous coal miners now striking, out of work, or underpaid because of discontinuous employment. They not only go to swell the ranks of the unemployed, but fail to supply the demand for the goods of other industries which they ought to contribute. It is essential to reorganize the coal industry and get it on its feet. Does this mean nationalization? If so, a courageous and intelligent political leader would not hesitate to recommend it. Or does it mean the encouragement of private combination, with adequate price and profit safeguards for the consumer? This also requires a daring political program. Fatuous complacency and a hands-off policy will not help. Consider the cotton textile industry, over-equipped, poorly managed, financed without much eye to the future, reducing what already are the lowest wages paid in any great industry in the country, laying off employees. Its sickness is of national concern and should have national attention. Perhaps the political government could do nothing for it, but that government at least should have something to say when an industry in such disorder blocks legislative attempts to establish some decent minima for its hours, or asks tariff favors. We do not want a government which bows obsequiously to private business interests which have done so little to deserve authority.

Obviously, the poverty of the average farmer limits the use of our industrial facilities. Here, again, there is no immediate prescription to effect a miraculous cure, but there is demanded a leadership and an attitude, enduring over a period of years, which will take the agricultural problem as seriously as it takes the profits of steel or the state of the stock market. The government should end all politico-economic discriminations against the farmer. It should administer its numerous agencies with a weather eye to his welfare. And it should be ready to experiment with measures that may aid him.

An active and powerful labor movement, to represent the worker's point of view in the national life, is another essential of a properly balanced economic order. When prices do not fall enough, it will help by raising wages. No President could create such a movement. But a party in power sympathetic with labor could make the way much easier for it. Prestige, public opinion and the discretionary use of the police power count immensely in such matters.

Space has not permitted a thorough discussion of any of the projects touched upon, or the mention of many others which would be relevant. We wish merely to illustrate how, through a door such as that presented by the unemployment problem, one

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can enter a realm of reality to which the existing political regime is blind. No candidate could explore this whole realm in one campaign, nor would it be necessary for him to do so. But vision enough to know that it is there, and steps enough to show that he is entering it, would give earnest of a direction different from that being pursued by anyone now in power, a direction highly important for the future of the nation. To follow it would take a high form of political courage and common sense. The reward might be small, unless we have faith to believe that in the end the American people will know a man when they see one, and will like him better than a cautious servant of expediency. It would be better for Governor Smith, if he must fail, to fail as a significant figure in history than as a copy in miniature of his predecessors and opponents.

Discussion as a Help to Peace

"MOST fervently do I wish, in the interests of peace," writes Mr. Sisley Huddleston in a British weekly, "that there were fewer discussions about the methods of perpetuating peace." He is referring, of course, to the recent conversation between the French Foreign Office and the American State Department about the terms of a possible treaty which would pledge the two governments never to go to war with each other. Although M. Briand had issued his invitation presumably for the purpose of confirming the reign of peace, the discussion necessarily explored the possibility of war and fastened on the anticipation of it. Yet a war between France and the United States is about as probable as a war between Switzerland and the United States. If this is so, why plunge the two nations into a discussion whose net result is only to concentrate public attention on the extremely improbable occasions which might involve them in hostilities?

Mr. Huddleston's protest has something to recommend it. Nevertheless, the New Republic is far from believing that the net result of the abortive negotiations is unfortunate. We are not sorry that the negotiation has failed. The more the Briand plan was studied, the more artificial and disingenuous it appeared to be. But neither are we sorry that it was proposed and discussed. It is a wholesome spectacle for two governments, whose citizenry contains so many professional and instinctive militarists, to engage in a debate about the organization of peace which assumes war to be a profoundly doubtful and baleful instrument of national policy. Moreover, the discussion, abortive though it be, was candid enough to reveal the contradictions which are implied by the attempt of two bellicose nations to establish a little oasis of agreement in a warring world. Any proposal to organize partial peace runs into difficulties of this kind. They cannot be avoided. Neither can they be wholly overcome. It is helpful to distinguish these difficulties and to make public opinion conscious of them. The public discussion of specific proposed agreements to abolish war on the part of governments whose responsibilities for war or peace give reality to what they say, is the most effective available method of arousing the people to the full implications of organized peace.

The original French proposal sounded sufficiently innocent and unobjectionable. No sane American expects or wishes to fight France. Why, then, if Frenchmen feel the same way, should not their two governments agree to dispense with war as a means of coercing each other? The idea looked attractive. Being called an agreement to outlaw war, it seemed to be the beginning of the reign of law rather than war in international affairs. But what law? The existing law governing the relations among states is based on treaties and recognizes war as a method of punishing a state which violates its agreements. France had already pledged herself to use coercion against the United States, provided the League of Nations judged the United States guilty of forcing a war upon some member of the League in violation of international comity. On the other hand, the United States had refused to join the League of Nations, partly because it preferred to keep its freedom of choice about the nature of its future political relations with a Europe which based the organization of peace on the threat of war. The American government would, by pledging itself never to fight against France and France alone, abandon its prerogative to judge for itself whether it would intervene in Europe again or stay out, and to substitute therefor a special discrimination in favor of France. Why play France as a favorite? The Briand proposal, instead of being innocent, became, from the American point of view, an essay in French nationalist diplomacy. It would exclude the United States from European conflicts except on the side of France.

These considerations gave form to the counter-proposal of the State Department to expand the exclusive agreement with France into a general agreement to outlaw war. But the American retort, although it was conclusive as against the original French proposal, involved serious difficulties of its own. The French government properly protested that under the covenant of the League of Nations, which in certain contingencies legalized armed coercion, it could not outlaw war against an aggressor, and American pacifists soon discovered an even more serious objection. A series of treaties between the United States and European powers to outlaw war would have the unfortunate and paradoxical result of finally dividing the United States from the special European effort to organize peace. For the European method involved the use of forcible sanctions, and if the United States included among acts of war the measures of coercion which would have to be taken against a technical "aggressor," its non-

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coöperation would deprive condemnation by a European tribunal of much of its authority and force.

There, for the present, the controversy rests. The American government will not agree to recognize in advance the condemnation by a European tribunal of one belligerent as an aggressor, if called upon to wage war against the offender. Neither will it join the League, which has assumed the job of organizing peace, and participate in the political or legal processes which designate and outlaw the disturber of the peace. The combination of these two has every appearance of being unreasonable. But the critic should remember that the difficulty of acting reasonably on the premises is traceable quite as much to the perverse complication of the problem as to the irresponsibility of the official American attitude. The League of Nations is controlled by a group of governments which are interested in perpetuating indefinitely the existing distribution of power in Europe. They can identify peace with the refusal to improve this alleged settlement, in spite of the fact that it was conceived in fear, anger and revenge. The people which tries to shake off by violence some oppressive provision of the Treaty of Versailles or St. Germain becomes, from the official European point of view, the aggressor, against which good nations can levy a good and righteous war. The existing peace between the victors and the vanquished in the War is, consequently, merely the organization of preponderant force. The coalition of the victors, after depriving the vanquished of the power to defend themselves, is doing its best to disqualify them legally from any chance or right of reinstatement. As the recent German memorandum to the Preparatory Commission declares, "War cannot be prevented by preparing to wage war against war, but only by eliminating the causes of war."

Such being the actual situation in Europe, there is much to be said from the pacifist point of view for a refusal by the American government to pledge itself in advance to accept a European designation of one party to a controversy as an aggressor. If the group of powers which are interested in preventing any revision of the treaties can depend on the coöperation of the United States in levying war against any disturber of the treaties, their motive for dealing more justly with the vanquished will be weakened. As long as the American government remains free to weigh the merits of a controversy which involves the danger of war, the coalition of victors will, before they pronounce condemnation, have to consider carefully how they can fortify their case. On the other hand, it is obvious that, although the American government will not promise to recognize a European designation of one party as an aggressor, it would in practice be obliged to attach enormous, if not decisive, importance to the proclamation of such a ban. Every presumption would run in favor of the legal verdict. If anything like a sound indictment could be drawn up against the offending nation, the United States could not ignore it or defy it. The persistent attempts of the European victors in the War either to obtain some assurance of American coöperation or to eliminate the United States as a possible enemy is the result of a bad conscience. They are trying to stabilize an unjust and unstable treaty of peace. To that end they are willing to invoke the New World to perpetuate the destruction of the balance of power in the Old.

American pacifists may well assume a patient and an inquisitive attitude toward the stand which the State Department has taken in the recent discussion with the French Foreign Office. The refusal to pledge the adhesion of the United States to one side only in the event of another war to end war deserves to be watched in its effects before being condemned. Conceding that the United States would probably have to intervene, whenever, if ever, Europe is again overtaken by war, it may be better for it to intervene as a mediator rather than as a belligerent. American non-coöperation has, to be sure, the disadvantage of feeding the sense of insecurity in Europe and of delaying the progress of disarmament, but a Europe which is poisoned by the peace treaties deserves to be insecure. The only sound way to get rid of it is to recognize its sources and legislate them away. The sense of insecurity makes for desirable changes. In the meantime the cause of organized peace is not likely to be promoted by the impatient and inconsiderate negotiation of tight and quick agreements. Undesirable as the insecurity is and disheartening as are these abortive discussions, they serve a useful purpose. They keep open several different roads to organized peace at a time when the easiest and the most popular approach is far from being sufficiently surveyed. Continuation of the insecurity may stimulate the interested statesmen and peoples to reconsider their policies and search their hearts. For the present, consequently, it is better to discuss and to explore than to pay the price of binding and comprehensive agreements. The agreements must come eventually, but they are likely to improve by being delayed until the penalties of the abuse of their victors by the Allies are more completely realized.

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Charlie Chaplin

ONE of his friends said that a good part of the fascination that Byron exerted on so many people who came in contact with him, arose from the power he had of a certain dangerous intimacy.

I have often thought of that observation with regard to Charlie Chaplin. When you talk with him you sense at the very start an impulse to make the connection between the two of you direct and alive, a hunger that the moment should be pure and glowing, and the exchange between you and him open like a passage in art.

As we talk, I have always a sense that there is much that is not coming into what is said, facts, if you like, that are overcrowded, and facts that are so stressed and illuminated as to become different from what they might be for anyone else who knows them. But I never think of this as false, or that the truth is being distorted. I am convinced that it is a high and passionate sincerity that fills this conversation of Charlie Chaplin's, sincerity such as only an imagination like his could come at. I mean that, where exchange and *rapport* between two people, even those who trust each other, is often halting and half-divined, however true it intends to be, this moment between Charlie Chaplin and me, so evolved from his imagination and so driven with the necessity to express himself, has in it a great completeness and absorption; the thing between the two people involved is alive for both, and therefore full of its own truth. He will speak of his personal affairs, of events and of persons that delight, embitter or destroy him, with a warmth, sting, despondency, exact poetry or gay wit that is meant to make me see them in the liveliest degree possible, and that, therefore, seeks to engage me through the regions where my response would be most likely and natural. He does not take his color from me, but from my color he takes what he needs to express himself to me. He says what he wants me to believe of what he is telling me, and, at the same time, I can see that it is what he himself wants to believe of it through me.

To that talk he gives himself with a fluency and precision and rich-mindedness that must be rarely equalled. The soul of it is shy, but the blood excited; the points are quick and telling; the word sense is remarkable; the variety ranges from a beautiful, warm elevation and eager enthusiasm to the devil's own Rabelaisian articulation; and one of its secrets is that it cannot do without you.

This complete and shining persuasion and perfect conviction of sympathy and contact could not happen without a sharp air of frankness, of saying anything called for. It needs the sense of a sort of universal lyric candor by which whatever is said seems to be free of the speaker, no longer personal, as moving and alive to the one who hears as to the one who speaks. In Byron this dangerous frankness came from pride, passion and a vehement sense of his inability to present to the world a just picture of himself, to do "himself justice," as Lady Blessington said. In Charlie Chaplin, shot about by a restless, intense and fertile mentality, quivering, sensitive, hurt in his early years, proud, egotistical, loving what is gentle, warm and laureate in life, imprisoned in a mask, this power of frank intimacy was made possible only by an immense success in the world, as life itself was made possible to him by success.

I remember four years ago one afternoon we were talking about this picture of "The Circus" that has now arrived at a public showing. I had spoken of the end of "The Pilgrim," that place where, after the kind official had got him to the Mexican border and he could run for his life and so keep out of jail, Charlie must stop to pick a flower and turn back to present it before he sets out down the road to the vague freedom ahead of him. It was one of the best motivations in modern drama, I said. "Well, you see, he just wanted to give, he just felt at the moment that he must give," Charlie Chaplin said. One of the most tragic and touching and wittiest, I said. He remembered tears had come in his eyes when he had thought of it, he said. Then he began to speak of "The Circus," the clown idea, the comic images of action that should express what he wanted to express. Incident after incident, motive after motive were working out in his head, and everything was seen, at that stage, not as some action or gag, but as ideas, pictures, states of feeling, ironic poetry, poignant finalities; and about them Charlie Chaplin, tracking out his conception of the play, lighting his way from point to point in the design of it, was clear and shrewd like a fine artist, never soft, but bitter and deep like a poet. The only thing extraneous to the dramatic idea was the necessity he felt for engaging me in it for the moment, and this in a way was a part of the idea after all, or was so, at least, for so long as he was talking to me of it.

I mention this conversation about "The Circus" because it may serve to dispose of such people as like to flout what they call Charlie Chaplin's esthete critics, and because of those who try to deride all attempts to assert profound meanings for these Chaplin films, and all attempts to turn their details into significant symbolism—which last I, for one, should never do; they are too perfect images, too aptly expressive and too final to be mere symbols. By a perfect image I mean a motive, an action, a personage or event that parallels a thing in nature, a

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hill, a tree, the wind blowing; it can be taken simply in itself, it carries for the simplest person, and carries with it its elemental idea, which it is inseparable from. But at the same time it is capable of the whole idea; it can exist with or without amplification or comment; it can hold as much meaning as you put into it.

"The Circus," as we see it at the Strand, is, for the most part, purer in the old-style Chaplin than "The Kid" was or "The Gold Rush." The acrobatic ability is the same as always, the flitting unreality of the figure and the elusive music of the movement, the poignant, shy motivation, the way of mocking life and breaking its heart, the astonishing effect of brevity and completeness in single incidents, the uncanny accuracy of effect where exactness is wanted, as, for example, where in front of the side-show the supposed dummy figure fools the officer and knocks the man on the head at regular intervals till he falls over. The affair with the conjurer's table, where Charlie stumbles on to the forbidden button and lets loose the birds, rabbits, pigs, geese, balloons and so on, and in dismay tries to put them back while they fill the world around him—as we, all our lives, are loosing wings and absurdities and small bestialities that surprise and dismay us, flying about our heads and wriggling under our fingers—this motive is the most boldly imagined that I remember in any Chaplin film.

There are two things that, though easily understood, perhaps, as privately compensatory and as easily condoned, are regrettable, and need either to go farther and be more complete in their own kind or to come out of the next Chaplin venture. One is the less abstract general make-up, the entire mask of the face and figure, including the movement and pantomime now and then. The other is the conscious and elaborate pathos that appears two or three times, most of all in the scene near the very end, where the circus wagons have all passed, taking along with them the beloved girl, who has been given to the other man by Charlie, and we see him sitting alone, the paper torn from one of the clown properties, with the sole star on it, on the ground at his feet. Such effects as this will carry Charlie Chaplin's pathos to a wider public, no doubt, and so may serve to add to him a slightly different sort of popularity. But the whole world, often unconsciously perhaps, has already felt his pathos in its truest kind, and the scene mars what has just gone before in "The Circus": he has no need of that sort of fact.

Meanwhile remain the directness and finality of those conceptions and those images that express them—the figure with the pile of plates running from the mule that is always so interested and hostile; the ghastly tight-rope walking with the monkeys climbing up over him, stripping off his elegance and crazy exaltation; the turns in the mirror maze; the flights with the trapeze belt; and that constant tipping of his hat, at an insult, an order, an audience's applause, a race with the thief, as if always there must be that little leaping up to happiness and what is sweet in life, always the rebuff, always that foolish leaping up again.

Seeing "The Circus" more than once, and thinking on this art of Charlie Chaplin's that I see in it and of him also, I think of how much went to the creation of a single movement, a single perfect invention or motive or image, even a pause; exactly as so many centuries went to the development of an organ like the eye, or as so many forces, season wind, rain, and so much of the chemistry of dust, went to the half-lights in the depths of a flower. I wonder if art is always like this, if it is something out of the memory, a voice of something past, the immortal come to us out of death; I wonder if art is like the return of a soul to its old life, of a ghost to its memory.

STARK YOUNG.

Havana: The Mill of the Gods

THE Pan-American Conference is a flop, the newspaper men have so decreed it. The knights of the portable typewriter are sad because they want prizefights between the delegations and aren't getting them. They sit about sadly, their ears cocked for pistol shots which they do not hear.

Yet there have been plenty of differences of opinion, even during the first two weeks. The head of El Salvador's delegation, chairman of the important committee on Public International Law, wants all disputes in the Western Hemisphere referred to the World Court, and don't let any official denial tell you that he doesn't. America objects to this idea. Mexico wants the grip of the United States on the Pan-American Union broken, each country in alphabetical order to run the organization for one year. America again, not unnaturally, objects. Argentina wants a Western Hemisphere Customs Union, to which no Republican administration at Washington will ever, ever consent. Porto Rico, while not officially present, has plucked up courage to demand that she be made into a Caribbean version of the Irish Free State—a suggestion which, I understand, leaves Mr. Coolidge cold, not to say colder. What more do the reporters want?

I know the answer, of course. They want an open fight on Nicaragua, such as Mr. Hughes sought to head off by his handsome-sounding speech at the dinner of the Havana Chamber of Commerce. They want a knock-down contest on defining and renouncing intervention. They want someone to propose an American League of Nations, so

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that Mr. Hughes can say, "No." They want a suggestion of an American Permanent Court of International Justice, so Mr. Hughes can again say, "No." They would like to see compulsory arbitration brought forward, so that he may again exercise his monosyllable—and nobody does this any more charmingly than he. And they may get their way —in part, perhaps, before these words are in type.

The League of Nations is the King Charles' head of the Havana meeting. The best of the Latin delegates are Geneva-trained, and show it. No piece of machinery is set up here without someone's observing that they do the same thing better in the Secretariat. Several of the important agreements proposed at Havana would but repeat on a scale of one hemisphere what already exists on an almost world-wide scale through the League. Most of the Latin powers, with important exceptions, are members, and their delegates have to think fast when something is proposed which entails a conflict between League duties and Pan-American responsibilities.

But while this is true, on the whole, the conflict of interest is more apparent than real. The United States has no intention of permitting commitments to be made at Havana sufficiently serious to offer a formidable rival to the League organization. Also the Latin allegiance to Geneva is less clinging than is sometimes alleged. Mexico, Costa Rica and Ecuador are not members. Argentina and Brazil are on self-awarded leaves of absence. Bolivia, Peru, Nicaragua and Honduras are in arrears for their dues and posted on the bulletin board.

It is only fair to add that Pan-Americanism, also, as a sentiment involving loyal attachments, seems to mean very little at Havana. The harder you look for it, the more nebulous it becomes, and the more you see merely a collection of states, each minding its own economics so far as it is able. As for Pan-Hispanism, it is doubtful whether it has any real existence at all outside the brains of five or six men, who find it a convenient theme for their hard-driven editorial pens.

Cuba is the ideal country in which to hold Pan-American conferences: it exhibits on a convenient model scale all the problems there are. The productive enterprises of the island are all, practically speaking, owned by American capitalists. President Machado, the virtual dictator, is a faithful friend of these capitalists. The Americans have done a great deal to improve Cuban roads, Cuban sanitation, Cuban social machinery—and while a few of the islanders are genuinely grateful and friendly, persons in a position to know tell that the majority are not. There is a frightful poverty at present, which is kept out of sight as Mussolini in Italy locks away the worst misery in the closet. In Havana, rich Americans royster through the streets, drunk and dripping silver coins. Forty miles away, ragged, hungry Cubans are sleeping on the floors of idle warehouses, and subsisting on vegetables which they pick free, in fields planted for that purpose by their erstwhile employers. Cuba loves the Platt Amendment; but the President found it advisable to order the Havana press not to stick editorial pins in the Yankees while the Conference was on.

One subject of real dispute at the Conference is the proposed commercial aviation convention. Panama is the waistline of the hour-glass for all Pan-American flyers; and one bomb tossed overboard at the right moment and the right spot could plug the Canal for months. Military safety seems to demand that only Americans fly over Panama. But how can Uncle Sam impose such a restriction on Latin America, with European aviation companies pushing hard for business, offering excellent terms and nearly perfect service?

Says an American who knows more about the Latin republics than anyone else I ever met: "In a few years, commercial flying will have changed Pan-America until its own father [James G. Blaine?] wouldn't know it. The Latin countries today have little in common, hardly any intercourse. Their bonds are with Europe or the U. S. A., not with one another. But with aeroplanes to whisk them over jungle and mountain, before long they will know one another as do Florida, Illinois and Oregon. Then," he added daringly, "either we shall have a lot of trouble—or we shan't."

The leg-weary reporter sometimes finds it hard to see the Conference for the committees. It may be as well, therefore, to get back to a few fundamentals.

1. Even if the big issues are all put away in the refrigerator for another half-decade, the Conference is valuable. On twenty minor matters—sanitation, communication, immigration, social legislation—solid progress is being made.

2. And it is something just to get delegates around one table, to see how like ourselves are these old people who have their winter in summer, or not at all. This would be true even if the Conference were forbidden to draw up any formal resolutions, conventions, treaties; and perhaps such a gathering, on the order of the Institute of Pacific Relations, would be the most useful one that could be held.

3. Whatever happens, it is safe to say that American economic penetration of the southern lands will go on. As the politicians make their orations, they are mounted on the glacier which carries them and their audience along, irresistibly and at a speed no glacier ever attained before. The question is not whether we shall extend our financial dominion, but how, on what terms, and whether with or without the good will of the inhabitants. Good will is so easily bought, if you will take the trouble to inquire its price.

4. Latin America, too, is growing. Some day it may be able to match strength for strength, insolence for Nordic insolence. In that day . . . but this verges on philosophy; and who wants to be philosophic, in Havana, in February?

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Havana.

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The Price of Industrial Progress

BUSINESS," says the December review of the National City Bank, "though no longer proceeding at the boom levels of a year ago, is by no means depressed." Building is continuing at an almost record-breaking rate, bank clearings, even where not affected by stock-market speculation, are running above last year; loadings of merchandise and less-than-carload freight are nearly as high as a year ago. "These," says the Bank, "certainly are not symptoms of depression, but on the contrary indicate a volume of business distinctly above the average."

Nevertheless, the index of factory employment of the Bureau of Labor Statistics reveals a situation which must be regarded as disquieting. According to the index, factory employment has dropped nearly 15 percent since 1923 and over 5 percent since the fall of 1926.[1] The forces of Class 1 railroads in October, 1927, were over 13 percent below the average for 1923 and over 12 percent below October, 1926. Since 1923, the population of the country has increased approximately 5 percent. In addition, business depression and technical progress in agriculture have accentuated the flow of labor from farm to city. From January 1, 1923, to January 1, 1927, the *net* flow from farm to city was in excess of 3,100,000. Not all of these persons were employment seekers, but it is safe to assume that over 1,000,000 of them were. There has, of course, been a large absorption of labor by garages, filling stations, and building and road construction, and there is a tendency for children to spend more years in school. But even allowing for these things, it is evident that a 15 percent drop in factory forces and a similar decrease in railroad employment, in conjunction with the 5 percent increase in population and the large city-ward flow of farm labor, could not occur without producing severe unemployment. In a word, it is evident that there is ample justification for the widespread complaints now current in labor circles concerning the scarcity of jobs. The situation has been slow to attract attention, however, because it has come upon us gradually and stealthily, rather than as a result of a sudden and dramatic collapse of markets. This is shown by comparing the quarterly indexes of factory production and employment beginning with 1926—when the last peak of employment was reached. The figures (1923-1925=100) are as follows:

		Factory output	*Factory employment*
1926	1st quarter	108.3	99.3
	2nd "	107.0	98.0
	3rd "	110.0	96.9
	4th "	108.3	97.6
1927	1st "	107.3	96.6
	2nd "	109.3	95.7
	3rd "	106.0	93.4
	4th "		92.2

[1] The index of the Bureau has a downward bias, but for periods as short as three or four years this bias is almost negligible.

Until the middle of 1927, factory production remained substantially unchanged. Nevertheless, during the entire period there was going on an almost unbroken decrease in employment—a decrease which by the fall of 1927 amounted to 7 percent.

The present unemployment appears to be due to two principal causes, one cyclical and the other technological. For the last half-year, we have been in the trough of the business cycle. This is evidenced by the fact that, during the three months ending last November, the index of factory production was 9.2 percent below the corresponding period of 1926. But far more important than the cyclical drop in production has been the steadily increasing efficiency of technique. Taking the period 1923-1925 as 100, manufacturing output in the first ten months of 1927 was 107, but factory employment was only 95.1. In other words, with 5 percent fewer employees, our factories turned out 7 percent more product. The figures by industrial groups are significant because they indicate what great increases in output have been accomplished in certain instances with fewer workers.

	Production (In October, 1927)	*Employment* (In October, 1927)
All manufacturing industries	102	93
Iron and steel	93	91
Textiles	113	95
Food products	93	97
Lumber	95	88
Leather and shoes	109	95
Paper and printing	112	104
Cement, stone, clay, glass	108	95
Non-ferrous metal products	106	91
Tobacco products	121	94
Automobiles	71	87

Most forecasters predict a business revival in the late winter or spring. Their expectation is based upon: (1) the temporary upward trend in wholesale prices; (2) the improvement in the agricultural situation (mail-order sales are running over 45 percent above the 1923-1925 level); (3) the prospect that money will continue to be cheap; (4) improvements in the European situation as reflected in the recent stabilization of several currencies; and (5) the decrease in manufacturing late in 1927 which has checked the accumulation of in-

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ventories. But the revival may not come, and even if it does, it is likely to be mild. Business men tend to avoid commitments in a presidential year; it is extremely uncertain that building will continue on the large scale of the last two years; the necessity of taking definite steps to modify or abandon the Dawes Plan will be a disquieting influence in international finance; and finally, the inventory situation is not entirely favorable because stocks of manufactured goods at the end of 1927 stood about 8 percent above 1926.

But let us grant that a moderate revival of business is probable. Is it likely to relieve unemployment? Here it is important to bear in mind that *the present situation is not primarily the product of cyclical causes*. Consequently, we should not necessarily expect it to be greatly affected by a moderate business boom. On this point, the experience subsequent to the depression in 1924 is instructive. During the six months following the low point in July, 1924, factory output went up 27 percent, but factory forces increased only 6.2 percent! In 1925, as a whole, manufacturing output was 12 percent above 1924, but employment increased by less than 1 percent. In 1926 factory production advanced 3 percent above 1925, but again factory forces increased less than 1 percent. Judging from this experience, a moderate business revival would afford very incomplete relief from the present unemployment situation. Although the employment index might advance to 90, it is unlikely to go much beyond this.

But if a business revival offers little hope of relief, what can and should we do? Clearly, we are confronted with what appears to be a new kind of unemployment problem—the problem of unemployment created by technical progress. This problem has always existed, but its presence has been obscured by the violent cyclical fluctuations of business which have made unemployment appear to be largely a product of the business cycle. Now, however, as business becomes somewhat stabilized, the unemployment caused by technical progress emerges clearly into view. If we succeed in our efforts to control the business cycle, the problem of "technological" unemployment will be with us permanently. We need, therefore, a permanent policy for dealing with it.

The essential question which confronts us is, Why is not the community's demand for goods large enough to create jobs for the men displaced by technical progress? Obviously, if the community had enough dollars to spend for goods, the services of the displaced men would be in demand. The heart of the difficulty seems to be that the community lacks enough dollars to purchase at prevailing prices *both* the output of the new labor-saving machines and the services of the displaced men. The problem might be solved by forcing down wages or prices until the displaced men could obtain work, but there are obvious objections to a policy that means falling prices or wages. The alternative procedure would be to increase the number of dollars in the possession of the community sufficiently to provide a demand both for the displaced labor and for the output of the new machines.

At the very outset, let it be observed that this cannot be done merely by taking dollars away from one part of the community and transferring them to another part. Clear perception of this elemental fact eliminates a number of possible proposals. Fortunately it is not necessary to dig down into the ground for gold in order to provide ourselves with more dollars. The typical dollar today is a credit dollar, created by a fountain pen, rather than stamped out of gold bullion by a machine. It lies within the power of the banks to create a large number of credit dollars upon short notice, and the Federal Reserve System, by its rediscount and open market policies, can influence the number of dollars which the banks create. The question therefore arises whether we should not give the Federal Reserve System the duty of seeing that the community has enough dollars to provide a demand for the labor displaced by technical progress.

It is obvious that this would be no light responsibility, and possibly we need to know more concerning the detailed functioning of our financial institutions before imposing it upon the Federal Reserve System. There are serious dangers to be guarded against. The record of 1927 illustrates one of them. Credit dollars come into existence when customers borrow from the banks. During the last year, interest rates have been low and the community has increased its indebtedness to the banks. Nevertheless, the expansion of credit has not diminished unemployment, because the additional dollars have been largely used in stock-market and real-estate speculation where they do not set much labor in motion. Another danger is that the additional dollars would be used to pile up excessive inventories which eventually, of course, would have to be liquidated. This would accentuate the cyclical movement of business. Thus, in our efforts to relieve the unemployment caused by technical progress, we might accentuate the problem of the business cycle. Indeed, it seems quite probable that the Federal Reserve System could not discharge the responsibility of providing the community with enough dollars to keep labor employed unless we can give it methods controlling more or less definitely how the dollars are used.

Regardless, however, of the specific procedure which is most desirable, it is evident that we are confronted with an extremely grave problem—the problem of reducing the cost of technical progress. We are obtaining more and better industrial equipment only at the price of a heavy investment in unemployment and human misery. We are not getting a bargain. We are purchasing progress at a high price, and the cost falls largely upon those least able to bear it. The greater our success in

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stabilizing the business cycle, the more plainly we shall find unemployment created by technical progress staring us in the face. Both justice and expediency demand that the community provide itself with sufficient dollar purchasing power to give the victims of progress an opportunity to produce.

SUMNER H. SLICHTER.

The Green Mountain Lincoln: 1928

WHEN John Garibaldi Sargent shambled into Union Station in March, 1925, with his rubbers wrapped in the Burlington Daily Free Press and his Bible and umbrella under his arm, the effervescent newspaper boys slapped their thighs and exclaimed: "Hot dog!" Vermont, heretofore the source of granite and granitic figures, had finally contributed a Brobdignagian splotch of color to the capitol scene: a cabinet member wallowing in homespun, with two-inch ivory bars for cuff-links, a watch chain to fit a sprocket wheel and lemon-colored shoes resembling skis.

But the old gentleman who forsook his beloved Green Mountains to restore to the Department of Justice the fragrance which is wafted from a well behaved branch of the government was too canny for them. His tailor speedily removed all marks of identification with the farm, and Mr. Sargent's extraordinary policy of silence, modelled after that of his chief, yet surpassing it, as Plato's teaching surpassed his master's, has thrown the "press boys" into a state of helplessness and despair. He has isolated the Department of Justice, which nowadays gets into the newspapers only when Mrs. Sargent takes sick in Vermont.

No amount of persuasion by the importunate "boys," who naturally justify their crusade for scandal with such platitudes as the right of the public to know what's going on in the government, has been able to take the old gentleman off his guard. Though his visits to the White House be for nothing more than to borrow a match from the President, he will not say anything. Even when Mr. Coolidge, at one of his press conferences, stated that he was waiting for an opinion to be handed down by the Attorney General on a certain matter, Mr. Sargent, upon inquiry, refused to say when the opinion would be ready. "You know, gentlemen," he admonished them, in his kindly way, "I never discuss anything in which the President is concerned."

His press conferences have been so disappointing to the newspaper men, who expected somersaults from the old gentleman, that they are very sparsely attended. When a question is hurled at him, the Attorney General bangs his curved pipe, easily mistaken for a saxophone, on his copper tobacco bowl, in which a baby could be bathed, uses four or five matches to get a light, scratches his shaggy gray head, and in low, slow tones makes his reply. For nearly three years he has oscillated between "I don't know" and "I can't discuss that." He is never pretentious. Asked about a much-discussed judicial vacancy in Indiana, for whose occupancy the Attorney General makes recommendations to the President, he said, with his direct, blue-eyed stare: "Is there really a vacancy in that court?"

The correspondents, who must fill their columns or empty their larders, do not appreciate his artlessness. They still repeat disdainfully that when he came here he did not know the District of Columbia was voteless. They do not use his quaint hunting and fishing yarns, nor are they grateful for his kindly attempts to divert them from drab trust-busting policies with anecdotes of his little granddaughter.

The regular press release, which he arduously prepares for them with the aid of his publicity man (who, in his youth, wrote articles on the tariff) is anathema to them. This despatch is carefully placed on the corner of the old gentleman's family-sized table. After lighting his pipe and playfully asking the prying "boys" to tell *him* something, he takes it up and reads it aloud slowly, for the benefit, no doubt, of the less literate of his reviewers. When he has finished, and the ill-mannered members of the group awake, he announces there are extra copies to be had. Unfortunately, these are accounts of cases which have been furnished to the newspapers by the Associated Press and like organizations, two or three weeks before they reach the Department.

Yet nothing could induce the Attorney General, despite his other responsibilities, to shift the burden of these interviews. No mere $7,500-a-year Assistant Attorney General is given the opportunity to gratify a personal craving for publicity by exploiting the Department of Justice. No metropolitan myopia hides from Mr. Coolidge's sentinel the activities of his subordinates. He is constantly censoring letters to field marshals and District Attorneys and disseminating circulars for the deportment of his staff. The omnipresent squint of his blue eyes bespeaks his watchfulness. Once he espied an intimacy between an employee and a newspaper man. They took lunch in the same restaurant, and afterward reviewed the passing girls on the sidewalk. The old gentleman became genuinely alarmed. The lines in his rugged face deepened. Calling the subordinate to his office, he paternally

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cautioned him against familiarity with the enemy.

In answer to his famous expression, "Colonel Donovan has charge of that," the "press boys" on one occasion forgot their manners and asked to see the Assistant. When they were politely refused, they demanded to see him. A tilt followed, during which the stolid old Vermonter came as near being aroused as he ever has. A compromise was finally made when he offered to see the Colonel for them. After ten minutes he returned with an apologetic smile. "Sorry, boys," he said, "the matter has not yet come to the attention of the Department."

But although the Department of Justice has been removed from the possibility of reproach by the "Thou shalt not speak" commandment, its deliverer is not happy. Perpetual vigilance and an inevitable abandonment of trustfulness do not make for a light heart. From eight in the morning until seven at night, he is beset by intriguing city folk, bent upon ransacking the coffers of the government and opening the jails. As Attorney General of Vermont, he became famous for the relentlessness with which he prosecuted criminals. Here he is constantly pressed by legislators to pardon and parole. Isn't it hazardous enough to release prisoners at all without going further and shortening their sentences? Except in one or two notable instances, the old gentleman has complied with the rigors of his conscience.

John Garibaldi Sargent was a poor boy, brought up on crackers, milk and the Bible. Save for the years at Tufts, where he was named "Jumbo" after Barnum's biggest elephant, he spent his mature life in Ludlow. He practised the law very successfully. When the railroads wanted something which the land-owners contested, they called upon Gary Sargent, who knew all the local legislators and got it for them. He was happy. Evenings he tinkered with crazy clocks and sharpened pen-knives, a service which somehow is rarely requested of a cabinet officer in Washington.

When Calvin Coolidge needed his counsel, he packed up his rubbers and came. True, no man felt, as he expressed it, more "like a cat in a strange garret." Confronted by a battery of cameras and requested to "look as if he were talking," he was verily bewildered. "What shall I say?" he entreated. "Anything," called the photographers, "say it'll be fine tomorrow if it doesn't rain." The old gentleman obliged them. "It'll be fine tomorrow if it doesn't rain—it'll be fine tomorrow if it doesn't rain," he reiterated while the cameras clicked and the newspaper men roared.

In a short time, however, with the aid of weekly reports from his assistants, he adjusted himself. It was unfortunate that the aluminum inquiry in March, 1926, when he made his first appearance as the people's defender against predatory trusts, should have exposed him to ridicule, but his loyalty to the administration enabled him to overcome any selfish desire for public acclaim. In his testimony, ponderously given, he said he had never heard of the aluminum inquiry until five, six or eight months after he took office—in spite of the fact that Mr. Mellon's company had been accused of anti-trust violations by the Federal Trade Commission and Attorney General Stone. He said some newspaper man happened to ask him about it—that's how he learned. No, he had never heard of Attorney General Stone's letter on it until somebody else happened to mention it and he had not had time to read the report of the Federal Trade Commission all the way through. He did not know what evidence the Department had obtained from the Federal Trade Commission and couldn't say who were the original complainants in the case. After all, the Senators must remember he had never been connected with a government department before, and no, he had to admit he did not even know that Mr. Mellon was connected with the Aluminum Company of America. But surely that wouldn't have made any difference, the Senators knew that. No, indeed, he was never ashamed to say he didn't know.

In one respect only can our secretive cabinet officer be accused of garrulity. Even at the dedication of a war memorial, he made observance to the Volstead Act, which he manages to make an obligation to the dead. If he overlooks some of the principles of sentence structure, he is never careless with his logic. The following specimen of his painstaking reasoning is from an address to the New York State Bar Association:

"Can any citizen say 'I will pay a bribe to anyone who will violate this law of my country?' If he does say that, or saying or not saying or thinking it, does offer and pay the bribe, and so induces someone to violate the law and make a forbidden sale to provide what he desires to drink, can that citizen logically find fault with the man he has bribed when that man in turn offers and pays part of his bribe to someone to violate another law to get something he wants, or to enable him to escape the consequences of the unlawful act the citizen has paid him to do?"

Like Lincoln, to whom his admirers compare him, he brought no fancy phrases, or clothes, to Washington. But, a veteran fisherman, he knows how to think. His homely philosophy may be seen in another excerpt from one of his recent public addresses:

"In one hundred and fifty years we have all traveled far, very far; and if it is excusable to make use of the substance of a somewhat slangy phrase, we do not yet know just where we are going. I say we do not know where we are going, and I say it again, because I wish you to take note of the assertion; ask yourselves if you can say to the contrary, and if you feel sure about it each tell yourself the answer."

DUFF GILFOND.

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Washington Notes

THE obsequious, not to say servile, deference of the press and the so-called "business and banking interests" to Mr. Mellon, which has been one of the most amazing features of the present political period and undoubtedly the greatest single asset of the Coolidge administration, has not, I think, been more strikingly illustrated than by the complete meekness with which the action of the Treasury Department in blocking passage of the tax-reduction bill until after March 15 has been accepted. While in this matter, as in most others with which his name has been connected since he entered the Treasury, Mr. Mellon, of course, acted not on his own initiative, but on the advice and guidance of the small group around him —the most conspicuous member of which at this time is the Hon. Ogden Mills—still it is branded a Mellon policy, just as the tax bills of the past two sessions, for whose basic idea Mr. Mellon was in no way responsible, were known as the Mellon bills. But that is all right. It is in entire accord with the usual practice, and no one has any real ground for resentment. This delay, however, is a different matter. The plea on which the present bill is held in the Senate Finance Committee is that the House cut is much too big, and that it will be safer to wait until the actual Treasury figures on the surplus are available. This is the direct reverse of every previous administration position. Always the administration has cried for quick action on its tax bill, in order that the country might get the immediate benefit of the proposed reduction, and the opposition has been flayed if it tried to delay the bill.

This time it is the administration which blocks action and the opposition that protests. What the delay means —and this seems to be just beginning to be appreciated— is that the chances are extremely good that there will be no tax reduction applicable to 1927 incomes. With the inevitable debate on the bill and its return to the House, it is manifestly impossible for the Treasury Department to hold back the 1927 tax bills until after the bill goes through, which will certainly be not sooner than April 1—if then. In addition, the delay gives opportunity for Congress to wipe out all available surplus by appropriations for this, that and the other. A prompt passage of the tax bill utilizing the surplus would have proved a tremendous aid in holding down appropriations.

The excuse for the unprecedented attitude of the administration in blocking the passage of its own tax-reduction measure is that, the House having already exceeded what the Treasury considers the limit for a cut with safety, by $70,000,000, on the ground that the Treasury estimate would again be far under the actual figures, the only way to prevent a deficit is by holding the bill in committee until the actual figures are known. What this amounts to is a complete confession of weakness, a perfectly open admission that the recommendations and word of the Secretary of the Treasury carry so little weight with Congress, and that the administration leadership is so feeble, that it is unable to handle the situation in the open and, to keep anything like control, is forced to the smothering tactics so often denounced. It seems to be more or less overlooked that these tactics, barring an amazing break of luck, will be responsible for making the taxpayers wait another year for a lightening of the tax burden to which they are now clearly entitled.

Suppose, however, it was the Democrats or the progressives who were responsible for this delay, who refused to let the bill come out of the committee, who risked all tax reduction by their dilatory tactics—suppose that, and then conceive of the bellow that would reverberate throughout the land. Imagine, if you can, the editorial war-whoops and shouts. Rotary clubs and trade bodies all over the country would pass denunciatory resolutions, and our leading bankers aand industrial captains would grow purple with indignation.

But when the policy of delay is sanctioned by the sainted Andrew, there comes from these sources not a peep. It is, really, when you take the time to analyze the situation, highly ridiculous. Here are the great corporations, banks and businesses of the country, including the proprietors of our richest newspapers, whose hearts are bound up in the cause of lower taxes, and who have worshiped Mr. Mellon and Mr. Coolidge because taxes have been cut under them, being deliberately deprived of the tax cut that is coming to them by the weakness and timidity of their heroes— and saying not a word about it—not even standing behind the one business body—the Chamber of Commerce of the United States—which has protested.

In the end, my guess is that the tax cut will be for 1928, and none for 1927. Such is the opinion, I think, of those who most clearly see the situation here. And for this year's delay, costing the taxpayers many millions of dollars, who will be responsible? The answer, clearly, is Mr. Mellon. There is no other. Talk about the House bill being excessive and dangerous does not remove responsibility. Who let the House bill get by? The answer there is the feebleness of the administration to protect its own proposition in a House in which it has a clear working majority. The astounding thing is that this exhibition by Mr. Mellon and Mr. Coolidge of extreme feebleness in the House and the equally mortifying exhibition of fear in the Senate, involving actual loss to the aforesaid corporations, bankers, business men and newspaper proprietors, should evoke from them no screams of anguish. The obvious answer to that is that the aforesaid bankers, business men, corporation heads and newspaper proprietors are a fatuous set of suckers. If there is any other answer, I can't think of it.

Just about the time you begin to warm up to a Democrat in the Senate, he does something that throws you right back on your haunches. For the way Senator Joe Robinson handled the Heflin business last week in the Senate he certainly deserved credit. It was high time that someone in authority in his party expressed disgust and contempt for this raving mountebank, and Robinson did a thoroughly workmanlike job. Coming from a Protestant dry, it was particularly effective, and the reaction next day was splendid. Heflin was denounced in the South as never before, and it seemed that the self-respect of that section was really aroused and that bigotry had had a bad set-back. The net result is still good, but what an unnecessarily cheap thing it was

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for Robinson to repeat his speech three days later in the talking moving-picture studio. Naturally, of course, Heflin was given the same opportunity, and the "debate" is now to be seen and heard all over the country. And naturally, too, Heflin polished up his speech before the talking movies, cut out some of the crudities, and put himself in a less indefensible position. It was a foolish thing for Robinson to do—but that is the Democratic way.

Speaking of Democrats calls to mind the slight mistake made by some of the more enthusiastic of the Democratic publicists and press agents, who, right after the Jackson Day dinner, announced that the deficit of $228,000 with which Clem's committee has been saddled since 1924 had been wiped out. There was much joy and no little surprise when the statement was made. Also a considerable amount of speculation about how it had been done. Of course, the general guess was that Generous Jesse, the Houston lumber king, had done it all by himself, merely to show his gratification at getting the convention for his home city. It is with regret I report that the death of the deficit has been greatly exaggerated. It still exists. At this moment the hat is being passed, and Democratic committeemen known to possess bank rolls are being "processed." It is true that Generous Jesse is "kicking in" personally with more than anyone else, but he is not taking it all, by a long shot—and I don't blame him. For one thing, he has far too much sense. For another thing, if he did shoulder the whole debt himself, all the other well fixed committeemen would regard it as a precedent, and consider themselves thereafter immune. So the deficit is still with the Committee, and my guess is will still be there when the merry delegates assemble in Houston to nominate Al.

The only candidate for the Republican nomination to whom the Borah letters, asking a definite and flat-footed reply to certain searching questions concerning the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act, will cause the least bit of embarrassment is good old Herbert, the efficiency marvel. To the manly Willis and the aged Curtis these Borah questions present not embarrassment, but opportunity. Since neither one has the least chance of landing the nomination, a dry declaration strengthens them respectively in Kansas and Ohio, and the net result is a gain. But to Herbert, who hopes for support from Pennsylvania, no small part of which is controlled by the very wet Mr. Vare; who is supposed to have the support of New Jersey, where the wringing-wet Senator Edge is a useful as well as ornamental figure, and who is likewise supposed to have the wet Republican organization in Maryland tied in a bow knot—to Herbert, I can well believe, the Borah letter is not wholly welcome. It will be interesting to see just how he handles the question. One difficulty Herbert has in answering things like this is that his convictions are the result of thought. However, I have confidence enough in his new-found political astuteness to believe that in his reply to Borah he will not too nakedly reveal his thought. He will, as do all the others, preserve a certain candidatorial modesty.

T. R. B.

Washington.

The Sun and the Fish

IT is an amusing game, especially for a dark winter's morning. One says to the eye Athens; Segesta; Queen Victoria, and one waits, as submissively as possible, to see what will happen next. And perhaps nothing happens, and perhaps a great many things happen, but not the things one might expect. The old lady in horn spectacles—the late Queen—is vivid enough; but somehow she has allied herself with a soldier in Piccadilly who is stooping to pick up a coin; with a yellow camel who is swaying through an archway in Kensington Gardens; with a kitchen chair and a distinguished old gentleman waving his hat. Dropped years ago into the mind, she has become stuck about with all sorts of alien matter. When one says Queen Victoria, one draws up the most heterogeneous collection of objects, which it will take a week at least to sort. On the other hand, one may say to oneself Mont Blanc at dawn, the Taj Mahal in the moonlight; and the mind remains a blank. For a sight will only survive in the queer pool in which we deposit our memories if it has the good luck to ally itself with some other emotion by which it is preserved. Sights marry, incongruously, morganatically (like the Queen and the Camel), and so keep each other alive. Mont Blanc, the Taj Mahal, sights which we traveled and toiled to see, fade and perish and disappear because they failed to find the right mate. On our deathbeds we shall see nothing more majestic than a cat on a wall or an old woman in a sun-bonnet.

So, on this dark winter's morning, when the real world has faded, let us see what the eye can do for us. Show me the eclipse, we say to the eye; let us see that strange spectacle again. And we see at once—but the mind's eye is only by courtesy an eye; it is a nerve which hears and smells, which transmits heat and cold, which is attached to the brain and rouses the mind to discriminate and speculate—it is only for brevity's sake that we say that we "see" at once a railway station at night. A crowd is gathered at a barrier; but how curious a crowd! Mackintoshes are slung over their arms; in their hands they carry little cases. They have a provisional, extemporized look. They have that moving and disturbing unity which comes from the consciousness that they (but here it would be more proper to say "we") have a purpose in common. Never was there a stranger purpose than that which brought us together that June night in Euston Railway Station. We were come to see the dawn. Trains like ours were starting all over England at that very moment to see the dawn. All noses were pointing north. When for a moment we halted in the depths of the country, there were the pale yellow lights of motor cars also pointing north. There was no sleep, no fixity in England that night. All were on the roads; all were traveling north. All were thinking of the dawn. As the night wore on, the sky, which was the object of so many million thoughts, assumed greater substance and prominence than usual. The consciousness of the whitish soft canopy above us increased in weight as the hours passed. When in chill early morning we were turned out on a Yorkshire roadside, our senses had orientated themselves differently from usual. We were no longer in the same relation to people, houses and trees;

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we were related to the whole world. We had come, not to lodge in the bedroom of an inn; we were come for a few hours of disembodied intercourse with the sky.

Everything was very pale. The river was pale and the fields, brimming with grasses and tasseled flowers which should have been red, had no color in them, but lay there whispering and waving round colorless farmhouses. Now the farmhouse door would open, and out would step to join the procession the farmer and his family in their Sunday clothes, neat, dark and silent as if they were going up hill to church; or sometimes women merely leant on the window sills of the upper rooms watching the procession pass with amused contempt, it appeared—they have come such hundreds of miles, and for what? they seemed to say—in complete silence. We had an odd sense of keeping an appointment with an actor of such vast proportions that he would come silently and be everywhere.

By the time we were at the meeting place, on a high fell where the hills stretched their limbs out over the flowing brown moorland below, we had put on too—though we were cold and with our feet stood in red bog water were likely to be still colder, though some of us were squatted on mackintoshes among cups and plates, eating, and others were fantastically accoutered and none were at their best—still we had put on a certain dignity. Rather, perhaps, we had put off the little badges and signs of individuality. We were strung out against the sky in outline and had the look of statues standing prominent on the ridge of the world. We were very, very old; we were men and women of the primeval world come to salute the dawn. So the worshipers at Stonehenge must have looked among tussocks of grass and boulders of rock. Suddenly, from the motor car of some Yorkshire squire, there bounded four large, lean, red dogs, hounds of the ancient world, hunting dogs, they seemed, leaping with their noses close to the ground on the track of boar or deer. Meanwhile, the sun was rising. A cloud glowed as a white shade glows when the light is slowly turned up behind it. Golden wedge-shaped streamers fell from it and marked the trees in the valley green and the villages blue-brown. In the sky behind us there swam white islands in pale blue lakes. The sky was open and free there, but in front of us a soft snowbank had massed itself. Yet, as we looked, we saw it proving worn and thin in patches. The gold momentarily increased, melting the whiteness to a fiery gauze, and this grew frailer and frailer till, for one instant, we saw the sun in full splendor. Then there was a pause, a moment of suspense, like that which precedes a race. The starter held his watch in his hand, counting the seconds. Now they were off.

The sun had to race through the clouds and to reach the goal, which was a thin transparency to the right, before the sacred seconds were up. He started. The clouds flung every obstacle in his way. They clung, they impeded. He dashed through them. He could be felt, flashing and flying when he was invisible. His speed was tremendous. Here he was out and bright; now he was under and lost. But always one felt him flying and thrusting through the murk to his goal. For one second he emerged and showed himself to us through our glasses, a hollowed sun, a crescent sun. Finally he went under for his last effort. Now he was completely blotted out. The moments passed. Watches were held in hand after hand. The sacred twenty-four seconds were begun. Unless he could win through before the last one was over, he was lost. Still one felt him tearing and racing behind the clouds to win free; but the clouds held him. They spread; they thickened; they slackened; they muffled his speed. Of the twenty-four seconds only five remained, and still he was obscured. And, as the fatal seconds passed, and we realized that the sun was being defeated, had now, indeed, lost the race, all the color began to go from the moor. The blue turned to purple; the white became livid as at the approach of a violent but windless storm. Pink faces went green, and it became colder than ever. This was the defeat of the sun, then, and this was all, so we thought, turning in disappointment from the dull cloud blanket in front of us to the moors behind. They were livid, they were purple; but suddenly one became aware that something more was about to happen; something unexpected, awful, unavoidable. The shadow growing darker and darker over the moor was like the heeling over of a boat, which, instead of righting itself at the critical moment, turns a little further and then a little further on its side; and suddenly capsizes. So the light turned and heeled over and went out. This was the end. The flesh and blood of the world was dead; only the skeleton was left. It hung beneath us, a frail shell; brown; dead; withered. Then, with some trifling movement, this profound obeisance of the light, this stooping down and abasement of all splendor was over. Lightly, on the other side of the world, up it rose; it sprang up as if the one movement, after a second's tremendous pause, completed the other, and the light which had died here rose again elsewhere. Never was there such a sense of rejuvenescence and recovery. All the convalescences and respites of life seemed rolled into one. Yet, at first, so light and frail and strange the color was, sprinkled rainbow-like in a hoop of color, that it seemed as if the earth could never live decked out in such frail tints. It hung beneath us, like a cage, like a hoop, like a globe of glass. It might be blown out; it might be stove in. But steadily and surely our relief broadened and our confidence established itself as the great paint-brush washed in woods dark on the valley, and massed hills blue above them. The world became more and more solid; it became populous; it became a place where an infinite number of farmhouses, of villages, of railway lines have lodgement; until the whole fabric of civilization was modeled and molded. But still the memory endured that the earth we stand on is made of color; color can be blown out; and then we stand on a dead leaf; and we who tread the earth securely now have seen it dead.

But the eye has not done with us yet. In pursuit of some logic of its own, which we cannot follow immediately, it now presents us with a picture, or generalized impression rather, of London on a hot summer day, when, to judge by the sense of concussion and confusion, the London season is at its height. It takes us a moment to realize, first, the fact that we are in some public gardens, next, from the asphalt and paper bags thrown about, that they must be the Zoölogical Gardens, and then without further preparation we are presented with a complete and perfect

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effigy of two lizards. After destruction, calm; after ruin, steadfastness—that, perhaps, is the logic of the eye at any rate. One lizard is mounted immobile on the back of another, with only the twinkle of a gold eyelid or the suction of a green flank to show that they are the living flesh, and not made of bronze. All human passion seems furtive and feverish beside this still rapture. Time seems to have stopped and we are in the presence of immortality. The tumult of the world has fallen from us like a crumbling cloud. Tanks cut in the level blackness enclose squares of immortality, worlds of settled sunshine, where there is neither rain nor cloud. There the inhabitants perform forever evolutions whose intricacy, because it has no reason, seems the more sublime. Blue and silver armies, keeping a perfect distance for all their arrow-like quickness, shoot first this way, then that. The discipline is perfect, the control absolute; reason there is none. The most majestic of human evolutions seems feeble and fluctuating compared with theirs. Each of these worlds too, which measures perhaps four feet by five, is as perfect in its order as in its method. For forests, they have half a dozen bamboo canes; for mountains, sandhills; in the curves and crinkles of a sea-shell lie for them all adventure, all romance. The rise of a bubble, negligible elsewhere, is here an event of the highest importance. The silver bead bores its way up a spiral staircase through the water to burst against the sheet of glass, which seems laid flat across the top. Nothing exists needlessly. The fish themselves seem to have been shaped deliberately and slipped into the world only to be themselves. They neither work nor weep. In their shape is their reason. For what other purpose except the sufficient one of perfect existence can they have been thus made, some so round, some so thin, some with radiating fins upon their backs, others lined with red electric light, others undulating like white pancakes on a frying pan, some armored in blue mail, some given prodigious claws, some outrageously fringed with huge whiskers? More care has been spent upon half a dozen fish than upon all the races of men. Under our tweed and silk is nothing but a monotony of pink nakedness. Poets are not transparent to the backbone as these fish are. Bankers have no claws. Kings and Queens themselves have neither ruffs nor frills. In short, if we were to be turned naked into an aquarium—but enough. The eye shuts now. It has shown us a dead world and an immortal fish.

VIRGINIA WOOLF.

Flatteries

PRETTY GRAND

(By a sincere flatterer of Ernest Hemingway)

THE boat docked at Fourteenth Street. There were a lot of passengers. One of them looked like William Jennings Bryan. He stood next to me at the rail as we came up the bay.

"God's country," he said. "Hey?"

"Sure," I said. "That's it."

When the boat docked, I got off without kissing anybody goodbye. The pier smelt of manure and sawdust and old tar. I sat on my suitcases and waited for the customs inspector. I had nothing to declare. It took me about two hours to get through the customs.

When the inspector had finished with me, I went out and got a taxi.

"Where do you want to go to?" said the taxi-driver.

"Scribner's."

"Scribner's?"

"That's right."

The taxi-driver was tight. He drove up Tenth Avenue to Thirty-fourth Street, and stopped at a speak-easy.

"Here," he said. "Go in here, and think it over."

I took out some money to pay the fare, but the taxi didn't wait. He was tight. I went up to the front door of the speak-easy. The door was under the front steps, at the side. There was an iron grill. I rang the bell.

A man opened the door, and put his face against the grill. He had big, fierce eyes, and a droopy moustache. He looked at me.

"What do you want," he said.

"A cup of cold water," I said. "For Christ's sake."

"Come inside, friend," he said.

He unlocked the grill, and I went in. We went down a dark hall, and up some stairs. The stairs smelt of old fish. At the top of the stairs there was another door. He opened the door, and I went in.

There was a bar down one side of the room, and a couple of tables over in the corner next to the window, with chairs around them. The bar-keep was polishing glasses. He had a white, fat face like a tame rat.

It was quiet in the bar. Over in the corner by the window a red-headed man was sitting at one of the tables, reading a book. It was Joe Gish.

"Hello," I said.

He put down his book and stared at me.

"Why, hello," he said. "Hello, hello." I saw he was losing his hair.

"What are you doing here?" he said.

"I'm looking for Scribner's," I said.

"Fine," he said. "I'll take you there presently. What are you doing these days?"

"Oh, nothing," I said.

"Nothing?"

"Sure," I said. "Not a thing."

"Well, well," he said. "Well, let's have a drink."

The bar-keep brought us two drinks. It was strong stuff.

"Well, here's to irony and pity," said Joe.

"That's strong stuff," said the bar-keep. He winked at me.

"That's right," I said.

"You've got a lot of irony and pity," said Joe.

"Sure. A hell of a lot."

The bar-keep went back to the bar, and went on polishing glasses. It was hot in the bar. There were drops of sweat on Joe's nose.

"How about a drink," I said.

"Precisely," said Joe.

"Two more," I said to the bar-keep.

"Here," said the bar-keep. "Take the bottle." He put the bottle down on the table.

"What are you doing now?" said Joe.

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"I'm looking for Scribner's."
"Oh, yes," he said. "Fine. Well, drink up."
We drank up.
"Do you know E. E. Cummings?" he said.
"No," I said. "Never heard of him."
"Extraordinary fellow."
"Here's to Cummings. A hell of a fellow."
We had another drink. It was hot in the bar.
"Ernest," he said. "I'm tight."
"Yes, you're tight."
"Precisely."
"Sure," I said. "Now we can talk."

Half-Done Tales

(By H—nry V—n D—ke)

For a long time now I have had it in mind to write some tales that would be very, very short—tacks strewn on the carpet of life.

The idea was not to concentrate on the stories by "getting boiled" (the method usually recommended by editors in their dissolute way), but to leave out everything that was absolutely silly, and to give enough room to the significant truths so that they would not get muscle-bound.

Life means a great deal to all of us. Personally, I would rather be alive than dead any day, and usually I am. Women's fashions are not what they used to be, but we shall get to that a little later on. Symbols are nice, fables are all right in their way, and lives of great men all remind us.

From Shakespeare, the bald poet of Stratford, and from Homer, the blind "meistersinger," I have learned something. Yet the method of these tales is all my own—and, it is hardly necessary to add, copyright.

Perhaps I should not make this request of my readers, but I think it is bright enough to be set down.

Will you kindly keep your eyes open as you read? Otherwise these half-done tales will mean little or nothing to you.

A TALE OF NATURE

Alfred Tennyson and a friend were walking in a wood.

The friend attempted to engage the poet in conversation, but the poet was otherwise engaged.

They proceeded for some little way in silence.

Just as they were approaching a tiny glen, Tennyson laid his hand on his friend's arm, and put a finger to his lips.

The friend glanced at him in astonishment.

"Sh-h!" whispered the poet, in his thrilling tones. *"I hear blue-bells!"*

(Why go on?)

Portrait of the Artist as an Old Man

(In violation of the professional etiquette of the "stream-of-consciousness" school, we have prefixed to this specimen work a key. The title remains, unfortunately, obscure, but we hazard the guess that it has some autobiographical, political or masochistic significance. The work is divided into four sections:

1. In the first, we are introduced, without any warning, to a middle-aged man who has just procured a copy of "Ulysses."

2. His wife comes in from a concert. He does not want her to see him reading "Ulysses," so hides it under the evening paper. She goes to bed.

3. He begins to read.

4. Attention wanders. He falls asleep.

The allegory deals with the well known legend of Hermes Trismegistus and his wife Annie. Sub-meaning 1 indicates Trismegistus' vain pursuit of All-Knowledge. The censor forbids us to give any clue to sub-meanings 2 and 3.)

I

Bootlegged. Brandybribed bookbootlegger. Stately plumb buck bootlegger bowed in the basement, bore he the book to the buick. Worth? What is. My kingdom for a whatisit. You pays your money and you takes your joyce. Immanuel, God with us. Won't you come home, Bill Bailey? Kant. Signed, Spinoza. All things to every man, every man to all. And be thy guide in thy most need to ruin thine eyes. On bookies for to peek I me delila. O guiney. Here. Mustn't. I'll just.

This way, and watch your step getting off the star. Should be and isn't. Past time. Waiting as a parttime pastime. Here we be, as small as life and twice as natural. Paris, London, London, Paris. London is to Paris as Paris is to London. There they go round that mulberry bush, Sinn Fein—all change. Shakespeare and his company will be too hot for them. Will, who was that lady I seen you with? That was no lady, that was Francis Bacon. Did you bring it home, Ignatius? Aye, aye, sir, and a pox to you, that I did, quoth the doughty Donnelly. Here it is, Ma. That's right, spit it out, and let's have no backbiting.

How many? Pagination is orthodox though not pious and after all's said and done how could you expect otherwise what with this truly dreadful war and men's minds wandering I know not where and including addenda errata supplementary information additional corrections appendices and last thoughts which are always sweetest sweet and low it makes a pretty bundle of faggots. I call that a bit thick as the man said who. Not a bad score considering the three extra I took in that rat-trap. Years and years and years and years. No. When you consider. But years and years.

II

Bang. A knock on what door? Art drunk, porter? Quincunctial Quincey quivers with a quinsy. Things that go bump. Thumpingly. Annie? No other. Come Fergus drive in a fifteenfive. In? Would hate to have. Hohum. Fee-fi-fo. General Motors, upsee-daisy, upsee-daisy, General Motors. Good? Glad, go gladly to bed. Goodnight, sweet chuck. Though like a fairy you still have your faults. Alack sir, she hath a privy fault. 'Tis pity she must snore. Ah, world, be nobler for her sake. Well, well, give over, I prithee, you'll be the death of me, as old Tom Tiddler said to the dormouse when he handed him a ropesend. Out, miserable quacksalver. God amend us, God amend, we are much out o' the way.

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III

The ultimate pentad. Wal, I vum, said Joe. Wal, I swan. 'Clare to goodness, mercy me, if it ain't old Massa. Come up, Charlie, stop your fooling. The last first. For many are called but few get up. The law of God, the law of man. Let us pry.

Who is Marian, who is she? First aisle to the right, sir, and mind the pincushions. A maid? A maid in Amsterdam, a quarter here. Besides, that was in another country. A Jew. Hath he not? Hath she not? Doo Yorg. Dads duh blaze, obaby, duh meg munny. Agenbite of nitwit. Try that on your ocarina.

How?

By various obsquatulated interrogations concerning the fact why, the place whither, the time at which, the subject of which, the object for which in the case of accidental encounters, premeditated or otherwise.

IV

Who's whispering. Can't hear. A little louder please. No use. James is as short for jinglebob as joyce is joky for jargon. No spikka da Engleesh.

Perri merri dictum, Domine. To me, a sinner.

Can't hear with this whiswhispering. Hushing whiswhispers. Hushabye, hushabye. Who? Whuzzamatter. Whoosh.

(To be continued, if necessary.)

T. S. MATTHEWS.

CORRESPONDENCE

Mr. Laski's "American Scene"

SIR: Mr. Laski, after some years' absence in the superior moral and spiritual atmosphere of Europe, is sadly shocked on his return to "the American scene." He thinks that we have gone a-whoring after the flesh-pots of Egypt. He paints a thoroughly discouraging picture of the "average American," smug and sleek in his prosperity, complacently condescending towards poverty-stricken Europe, seeking only material comfort, "a bigger house, a bigger car, a new fur coat," egocentric in his "virtuous materialism," interested in his neighbor "only as the consumer of some commodity he has to sell," recreant to his civic duties, supine under a corrupt and inefficient "despotism of parties"—"this attitude," we are told, "pervades every class and area in America."

May I venture to suggest that this is more than a distortion of the truth? It is a meretricious caricature of a people whose hospitality Mr. Laski once enjoyed. Does Mr. Laski know this "average American" he so glibly describes? After some years of study of that elusive thing, "the average American," I am prepared to say he does not. He has been unpleasantly impressed by the great material prosperity of post-war America, and then proceeds to describe the type of character he thinks this prosperity should produce, and then he dubs this fiction of his imagination the "average American." The result is that he has committed the error no scientific student of society should ever commit, he has damned an entire people. This is inexcusable in one whose long residence in this country should have enabled him to give a more intelligent and sympathetic criticism of things American.

What Mr. Laski tells us is tiresome because it is old. His animadversions might just as well have come from the pen of Dickens or Arnold. Now for a hundred years we have listened to horrendous vaticinations as to the dire moral effects of our material wealth. We have been stewed in the fat of our prosperity so often that it is becoming boring. Out of consideration for our esthetical sense, these European Cassandras should vary the theme somewhat. Long ago this nation should have sunk into a slough of decadence and corruption from which not even another *Völkerwanderung* could deliver us. Faith in the true and honest and pure things should long have fled our borders. *Panis et circenses* should be our highest measure of values. Do I find this nation corrupt and decadent because of this hundred years of materialism? I do not. Do I find the power of the ideal gone? I do not. That our great material prosperity has brought serious problems in its wake we all know; that it has debauched the soul of America I would most emphatically deny.

Why is it that visitors from over the water think it their duty to preach to us when they return? Is it because they realize that, thanks to the Protestant background of our culture, nothing fascinates us more than to be told about our sins? What other great nation shows such a prurient and childish curiosity about what others think of us, whether good or bad? How many leading journals of England or France would allow American visitors free use of their columns to criticize their culture and give condescending advice as to how to solve national issues? In time, perhaps we may become mature enough and dignified enough to realize that self-criticism is, after all, the sort most apt to be intelligent and sympathetic and in good taste.

Hanover, New Hampshire. JOHN M. MECKLIN.

"Money Writes!"

SIR: I have a great respect for Robert Herrick as a man and a man of letters, but I fear he must have been a little in a hurry when he wrote the review of "Money Writes!" which you publish in your issue of January 11. He is certainly not very exact when he sums up my book in the statement that I hold "Mr. Morgan and Wall Street responsible" for "the lubricities of Mr. Cabell and Mr. Hergesheimer, for Amy Lowell's lack of poetic interest in the Great War as well as Mr. Mencken's excessive interest in the Eighteenth Amendment, etc., etc."

Let us take the case of Mr. Mencken and the Eighteenth Amendment. On this point I have made exact statements, based upon legal evidence—that is to say, letters to me written and signed by Mr. Mencken. I tell how he refused to publish an article on Jack London and one on George Sterling, because they set forth the destructive effects of alcohol upon genius; and I say (page 36):

> So here you see a great editor in the process of "selecting" the writers of America in the interest of the American saloon. Shall I be crude, and suggest that this editor is subsidized by the liquor interests? I have heard this said, and Mencken has heard it also, and the last time we met he cited it among the dishonesties of prohibition controversy. I have no doubt whatever that he told me the truth; he belongs, not among the judges who are bought, but among the judges who are "selected." He is of German descent and continental tastes; an old newspaper man, he has always had his cocktails, and always means to have them, and resents with personal fury the idea that anyone shall keep him from having them. It happens that gentlemen of wealth share this point of view, and, observing Mencken's ardor and ability, are moved to put up money to found a magazine for him, so that he may "select" writers who defend the American saloon, and eliminate writers who point out the destructive effects of alcohol upon genius. After this process of artificial selection has been going on for a sufficient length of time, my friend Mencken will look about him and observe that all the leading young writers of America are in favor of the return of the saloon, and he will cite that as a powerful argument in favor of his policy.

I will leave it for your readers to compare the above paragraph with my friend Robert Herrick's statement that "'the system,' i. e., Mr. Morgan and 'Wall Street,' are held responsible . . . for Mr. Mencken's excessive interest in the Eighteenth Amendment."

Long Beach, California. UPTON SINCLAIR.

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No Self-Determination

SIR: Your article, "How to Get out of Nicaragua," is very good, and perhaps the best thing I have read about this problem. A really big man need never fear consulting and advising with others who are interested in the same problem. The final and real decision is left to him, after all.

There is so much complaint about our "imperialism" as shown in the domination we exert over the affairs of the small nations adjoining us. Physical laws also control affairs which are not readily thought to come under their control. You have studied astronomy, or read it, at least, as much as I have. Suppose there should be issued the ukase of "self-determination of heavenly bodies"—a beautiful doctrine, but, assume that the sun should declare the "freedom" of the earth or of any planet. Extend this thought as you will, and the utter absurdity is immediately seen. The very same holds true in the relation of nations. The large, the strong nation *must* dominate, whether it wills or not. Intermarriage of persons, of trade, of every relation, cannot be avoided, and the weight is on the part of the large nation. We have dominated Canada, Mexico and all the adjoining countries all the time, but of late are doing it to a greater degree—because we cannot avoid it. You can follow this thought without difficulty.

As to the question of responsibility, that is one which must be stressed. It is the greater the more the difference (size, resources, population, mental status, wealth, etc.) between the major and minor states.

"Self-determination," as Wilson used the term, was and is simple nonsense. More harm was created by this phrase than can be undone in generations. "Liberty" is always a relative term. My privileges end where your rights begin. The failure to understand this has been the cause of unrest, misery, and war.

I did not write these notes with the idea of having them published; only to suggest a line of constructive thought. Perhaps one of your editorial writers can make use of the suggestions.

C. H. GRAENING.

Waverly, Iowa.

More about President Trotter

SIR: May I, as a rather less than more constant reader of your journal, say a few words with regard to Miss Mary Hunter's letter of January 25, the gist of which, failing to be pointed, quite misses being pungent? I had the extreme misfortune once to be an instructor at West Virginia University. In the course of a year's bemused, often startled, observation, I could find no reason, good or bad, for the existence of that institution. The President did nothing to alleviate this situation, except to refrain from denying the rumor, which had been afloat for some six or seven years, that he was on the point of resigning. I decided that President Trotter would not resign, but just fade away. Others doubted that he would even fade away. He has been as long lasting as the proverbial soldier. There is every reason to believe that the resignation which President Trotter was once supposed to have tendered to the University's Board of Governors was only a resignation nor' nor'-west. He could go on holding office indefinitely, and whenever his conduct became too noisome, the few decent souls whom the uplift of the Ku Klux Klan had left intact, though a little tremulous, could console themselves for their failure to take action with the thought that, anyhow, the President was about to resign. The incident which the New Republic singled out for comment was one so positively outrageous that even a comatose faculty and a stupid local paper were goaded into protest. That it was this that transformed Trotter's resignation from a form into a reality is hardly open to doubt. That it hastened the end is unquestionable. Does Miss Hunter suppose that she is furthering the liberal movement, whatever that may be, by communications such as her own?

L. SAMUEL ROBERTS.

New York City.

Prohibition: A Success

SIR: I have just read J. E. Barr's letter in your current issue, and beg leave to repeat what I stated elsewhere when asked why the Eighteenth Amendment is considered a joke.

Standing alone, that amendment has the same force as any other part of the Constitution, but read as a part of the Constitution taken as a whole, it is inconsistent with earlier portions, such as the Fourth, Fifth and Tenth Amendments, and therefore negligible.

Quite apart from the facts that it was reluctantly signed by the Chief Executive, who had great doubts as to its validity as a federal proposal, and that, at a cost of $17,000,000 and during the absence of 4,000,000 voters, and without making it an open issue in the 1918 state elections, the state legislatures had been packed in advance to approve it, the real question involved in its constitutionality was never submitted to the Supreme Court, and therefore not passed upon.

Any lawyer of experience knows that, in every document except a will, the earlier clauses prevail where two clauses conflict. What the Supreme Court decided was that the necessary legal formalities of Article 5 of the Constitution had been complied with, and that, therefore, the amendment had been constitutionally enacted and had equal force with other parts of the Constitution. By this decision the Supreme Court, which is less of a court of law than a political institution, and has, therefore, to be guided by expediency, fulfilled its function of stepping lightly in regard to anything recently done by a government in power and avoided the main issue until "a more convenient season." This was wise. But, after eight years of trial and failure, it is time that we asked the Supreme Court to construe the Constitution as a whole, pending the long overdue Constitutional Convention for ironing out accumulated inconsistencies.

As a temperance worker from childhood, one who has suffered much loss of wealth and prestige through supporting temperance, I cannot but recognize that the dishonest tactics—I cannot call them anything else than dishonest—have dealt a deadly blow at the cause, besides making us the laughing-stock of the world. Mr. Barr persists in alleging facts which do not exist, or, where they exist, have no connection with prohibition. Sobriety has not increased, crime has largely increased; bank balances have nothing to do with the matter, owing their increase to other well ascertained causes. The reason prohibition is a failure is because it was dishonestly brought about. Few people wish to reëstablish saloons, but the abolishing of saloons has nothing to do with prohibition. It has no connection with the perpetual invasion of people's liberties, the pouring into sewers of God-given wine that would, in the words of the Psalmist, make glad the heart of man. To pose as an "Anti-saloon League" and, under cover of that title, to bring about the ghastly infringement of personal liberty covered by prohibition, is a crime for which it is difficult to find a name. It is waste of words to traverse the farrago of unsupported statements brought forth by Mr. Barr, statements that have been refuted *ad nauseam*. The charge against prohibition is that it brings about a condition of affairs far outside any suggestion of abolishing the saloon; the whole apparatus is dishonest and un-American to the last degree; that is its fault.

San José, California. LEWIS WALTON.

Did Poe Plagiarize?

SIR: The other day, while rummaging around in an old-book shop, I found a book entitled "Edgar Allan Poe," by Colonel John A. Joyce. It is a sort of biographical sketch of Mr. Poe, and it also gives the information that "The Raven" was copied from a poem called "The Parrot," written by a Mr. Penzoni for the Art Journal of Milan, Italy, in 1809.

Both "The Raven" and "The Parrot" are printed in the book, and the similarity between them is striking, to say the very least.

I never heard or saw this matter mentioned elsewhere, and I am wondering whether you or your readers ever heard of it.

Washington, D. C. J. R. FULLALOVE.

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American History for England

The Oxford History of the United States: 1783-1917, by Samuel Eliot Morison. New York: Oxford University Press. Two vols. 992 pages. $10.

PROFESSOR MORISON wrote his history of the United States for English readers, with whose requirements and interests he became familiar during his tenure of the chair of American History at Oxford. As he explains in the preface, "The questions asked by my English friends and pupils have largely determined the scope and direction of the narrative." This point of view necessarily determines the special value of the work for American readers. An American student of American history, Mr. Morison deals with a story familiar to his readers, which, as a professor at Oxford, he is able to present in a perspective which is new to them, and with a detachment which is a challenge to conventional prepossessions.

Naturally, Mr. Morison makes of Anglo-American relations a subject of major concern. The importance of those relations in the formative years of the republic leads him to devote nearly a third of his book to the years between 1783 and 1815. The political separation of the Colonies from the Empire was not fully accomplished by the Treaty of Paris. Trade relations with other British possessions, the claims of loyalists who remained British subjects, the Canadian boundary and the occupation of the forts and trading posts in the Northwest Territory remained to be settled. Of these difficulties Professor Morison gives an impartial account. He pronounces the policy of Great Britain on the whole "magnanimous," while it was naturally content to take advantage of the weakness of American diplomacy exhibited by the complacent John Jay. As a matter of fact, the British held on to their frontier posts until 1795, and the United States never carried out its promises in regard to the loyalists and the Indians.

In his account of subsequent relations between Great Britain and the United States, Professor Morison holds the balance even. In treating the causes of the War of 1812, he recognizes the practical situation of Great Britain, struggling for life itself, and the just irritation of the United States over the violation of neutrality and the impressment of seamen. In discussing the rivalry of the two nations in the recognition and protection of the South American revolutionary republics, he gives more credit for priority to Adams than Mr. Harold Temperley, in his recent study of Canning as Foreign Minister, allows. He does no more than justice to the forbearance of the British Cabinet on the occasion when General Jackson hanged two British subjects on Spanish soil; and he might have expressed himself much more strongly in regard to the similar forbearance of Lord Salisbury in 1895, when President Cleveland sent him an ultimatum over Venezuela. In regard to these and other difficulties between the two countries, he neither holds a brief for the American case, nor does he flatter his British readers. He gives just and discerning praise to the statesmen on both sides who for a hundred years nourished the desire for peace between the two nations. If the British held this desire somewhat more strongly, and showed greater initiative in realizing it, this was to be expected from their situation, character, and traditions.

Another phase of American history which Mr. Morison treats fully is the constitutional, particularly the development of federal control under the Constitution. The growth of a constitution is a process with which British readers are familiar, and the contrast between the working of such a flexible system as theirs and a fixed and established fundamental law may be presumed to interest them. The Constitution of the United States offered one opportunity of adjustment to a changing civilization apart from the clumsy method of amendment—the development of the judicial power, which Mr. Morison traces carefully through important legal decisions. Mr. Morison combats Bryce's idea that the American Constitution was a modified version of the British. On the contrary, while it was based on principles of common Norman and Germanic origin, its particular clauses are almost without exception due to the experience of the Colonies in themselves or in their association under the Revolutionary Congress and the Articles of Confederation. English readers, and doubtless some Americans, will be enlightened to learn that the provision that treaties must receive the assent of two-thirds of the Senate, which so lately changed the political face of the world, was due to the fear that in such treaties the interests of one section of the country would be sacrificed to another, as had happened in the negotiations with Spain conducted by the maladroit Jay. Probably most American readers will be surprised on being reminded how much a commonplace was the notion of secession during the first half-century of the Constitution. Each section of the country threatened in turn to secede; the West over the opening of the Mississippi; New England over the War of 1812; the South over the protective tariff. Even Daniel Webster warned Congress that his state would not obey conscription. Considering the activity of the Supreme Court through these years, one wonders why the right of a state to secede was not squarely put up to it.

That greatest of constitutional questions was decided by the Civil War. Perhaps this is one reason why Mr. Morison gives such large space, nearly a quarter of the entire work, to that conflict. Undoubtedly, English readers are particularly interested in this subject which affected Anglo-American relations so closely. It is for them that Mr. Morison prints Lincoln's eloquent reply to the address of the Manchester spinners. Again, the military history of the war has derived a new importance as marking the feeble beginnings of devices and methods which were developed in the World War. The history of civil rights during the conflict has likewise a timely interest. Mr. Morison points out that a government at war had to deal with a peace movement, to which many who were neither pacifists nor defeatists were drawn by reason and good will, or by the fear that the war would destroy liberty. Under Lincoln's proclamation denying *habeas corpus* to all guilty of "affording aid and comfort to rebels," 13,000 persons were arrested by military authority. However, in spite of this military despotism, Mr. Morison holds that the contrast between Lincoln's administration and Wilson's is all in favor of the former. The Department of Justice was not administered by criminals. It did not inject the virus of espionage into the body politic by corps of paid spies and volunteer informers. It did not connive at profiteering in patriotism by judges and district attorneys. There was no censorship of the press; no ban on the discussion of war aims. And finally, there was no vindictive personality to keep the war prisoners in confinement long after the war had ceased.

Probably the point in which Mr. Morison's work will

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seem to fall short is in the department of social history. There are surveys of this country, at intervals, 1790, 1830, 1870, but no elaborate picture of the complex American life. Mr. Morison's is a narrative rather than a descriptive account. We can spare a good many picturesque details of the life of the middle class for the sake of his brief but comprehensive account of the development of labor. In his account of industrial conflict, Mr. Morison, perhaps by virtue of breathing for some years the freer air of Oxford, is less constricted by class prejudice and conventional bias than some of his colleagues. In regard to the Pullman strike of 1894, he dares to defend Governor Altgeld from the charge of refusing to protect law and order, and to condemn Cleveland for the gratuitous interference of federal troops. "He [Altgeld] sent militia to every point in the state where the state authorities called for it, and had an ample force ready to use at Chicago when necessary. The point is that there was no unusual disorder—for Chicago—until the injunction was issued." He admits that Cleveland had no desire to help the railways crush the strike, but merely out of stupidity played into their hands, and thus became the Archangel Michael of American business. Altgeld, on the other hand, became its Satan. "Altgeld had already invited the hatred of American business men by pardoning the men imprisoned for presumed participation in the Haymarket bomb outrage of 1886. *It is now certain that the men were innocent;* but Altgeld was denounced as an aider and abetter of anarchy." (Italics ours and comment unnecessary.) As for the injunction by which the strike was broken and Eugene Debs sent to prison—it rested on "an implied power that would have made Hamilton and Marshall gasp."

Independence, frankness, and alertness, embodied in a clear, vigorous, narrative style, make the Oxford History more than a work of information on political theory. It recalls the time when history was literature.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

The Apron-Strings of Vice

The Letters of Baudelaire, translated by Arthur Symons. New York: A. and C. Boni. 259 pages. $4.

"THE LETTERS OF BAUDELAIRE" is a somewhat misleading title for a book like this, which consists exclusively of his letters to his mother. They contain, it is true, his most intimate fears and ambitions, but they reveal only one side of his character, the tender and ignominious side, the one which he endeavored to keep hidden from the world. "Dear Mother," he wrote to Mme. Aupick, "I hope that confessions such as these, for you and for myself, will be forever unknown to the living or posterity."

Such hopes are idle in our century of ghouls. We ferret out the vices of the dead; we find grandiloquent names for our researches; but their purpose is chiefly to justify the weakness in ourselves. Being normal, we like to think of genius as a form of abnormality. Having less obvious faults, we are flattered to learn that Poe suffered from impotence; and that Baudelaire, to use the psychological jargon which degenerates so rapidly into slang, had a "mother fixation." Of this his letters are sufficient proof. He sought her aid continually, for money, for affection, for shelter from his enemies. He was madly jealous of General Aupick, his stepfather. He never considered marriage; and he never loved another woman, even Jeanne Duval, with quite the same fervor.

Vice, in his later years, became a sort of second mother at whose apron-strings he followed docilely. Here, too, his character might serve as an example of adult infantilism. His French companions used a more picturesque term when they spoke of him as a *fils de famille*—that is, a prodigal son who never ceased to depend on his family connections. Tradesmen extended him credit, because they felt certain of being paid, eventually. The poet, in the same conviction, went on amassing debts.

For twenty years, these debts are the principal topic of his letters to his mother. He speaks of bailiffs, documents, and process-servers. He tells of leaving his manuscripts in pawn. He complains of Arondel, that most persistent creditor, "whose insinuating voice says EVERY MORNING: 'What, still asleep!'" Baudelaire then asks his mother for twenty francs, a hundred francs, five thousand francs, and in each case he adds, "I am sure that this last sum will finally clear up most of the difficulties. . . . Next year, by the help of the Revue des Deux Mondes, and of Ancelle, I can manage comfortably."

Next year, however, he will add to his mountain of debts, and illness will aggravate his other troubles. He often speaks of "vomitings, insomnias, nightmares, fits of exhaustion." Finally, at the age of forty, he is driven to a confession:

> You know that when I was young I had a venereal disease, which later I thought entirely cured. At Dijon, after 1848, it appeared again in a new form, with spots on the skin and an extraordinary lassitude in all the joints. Believe me, I know what it is.

A specialist in such matters might be able to decide whether Baudelaire's extraordinary sensitiveness was due to his disease, or whether it was caused by purely psychological disturbances. In either case, it grew from year to year. Landlords, creditors, dogs, visits, any minor annoyance, would drive him in wild flight from his lodgings, often leaving his books and manuscripts behind. Once he occupied six different apartments in the course of a month. "And, surrounded by all these unbearable shocks that use me up"—so he wrote to his mother—"I MUST write poems, that most fatiguing of all occupations."

In these poems his weakness disappears. Everything is strength, determination, patient fury. In making his innumerable revisions, in his obstinate struggle for perfection, he displayed the force of will which was lacking in all his other actions. At Brussels, even—during the months before his final stroke of paralysis—he writes once more of revising the "Fleurs du Mal."

These letters to his mother, though handsomely printed and passably translated, have been edited with less care than even a casual reader might desire. There is no index. The notes are helpful, but decidedly incomplete. No biographical data are given, and very few hints concerning the characters; so that the reader is left standing, as it were, outside a telephone booth and listening to half of a vehement conversation between strangers. Yet in spite of these faults, which could be remedied in a later edition, "The Letters of Baudelaire" ought to be compulsory reading for young poets. They show how much pain, disgust, weakness, heroism, and study can be distilled into a hundred and fifty-seven poems; and they show the tortures a great poet will undergo, in order that his work may be remembered for perhaps a thousand years.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

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The Supreme Court

The Business of the Supreme Court, by Felix Frankfurter and James M. Landis. New York: The Macmillan Company. 349 pages. $4.

A BOOK on the business of the Supreme Court carries in its title the promise of details of procedure as enlivening as an almanac. At the hands of most writers, the promise in its forbidding fullness would be too faithfully fulfilled. The best to be looked for would be a storehouse of useful facts. Professor Frankfurter and his co-worker, Professor Landis, have known how to give us more. From the sections and subsections of congressional enactments they have been able to distill an essence not easily extracted. The result is a significant study of law in its making, and of the diversity of weaves and patterns, social and economic, as well as strictly legalistic, that are wrought into the web. Only scholarship linked to scientific imagination and literary skill can lift pedestrian facts so far above their common level. The qualities are here in happy combination.

Students of the common law were long ago taught the lesson that many of its substantive rules have their origin in the forms of actions, the writ generating the rule, when one might fancy it would be the rule that would generate the writ. A process not dissimilar is exhibited in this study of the stages of appellate jurisdiction. "The Judiciary Acts, the needs which urged their enactment, the compromises which they embodied, the consequences which they entailed, the changed conditions which in turn modified them, are the outcome of continuous interaction of traditional, political, social and economic forces." They represent "a very empiric response to very definite needs." If the response had been different, the difference would not have shown itself in the field of practice and procedure only. It would have spread beyond its immediate confines, and modified profoundly the substance of the law. The genius and vision of John Marshall have been potent factors in maintaining the constitutional balance between the national government and the states. The vision and the genius might have been futile if a section numbered 25 had not been placed in the first Judiciary Act, or had thereafter been taken out of it. On that section was built the ruling in the great case of Cohens vs. Virginia (6 Wheat. 264), which in turn became the corner-stone of a vast structure of judge-made law subjecting state decisions, when affecting federal rights, to federal review. The battle between the national and the local outlook can be followed in judgments of the Court enshrined in the reports. Some of the most famous are milestones in our history. There was going on at the same time, however, another battle to sap the sources of power by undermining jurisdiction. Procedure was still seeping into fields other than its own.

"The history of the federal bench in the early days is thus part and parcel of a fierce party strife." So it was that the forms of judicial organization were sacrificed at times to considerations other than those of mere efficiency, judicial or administrative. The wonder is, when one views the violence of the conflict, that the sacrifice was not greater than it was. The impression to be gained from the vivid pages of this book is that the sins to be charged against Congress are those, for the most part, of inaction or omission. The Court was left at times to struggle against procedural defects because the legislative department was either too divided or too preoccupied to supply suitable relief. Rarely did indifference or hostility reach the stage of an assault more imminent or active than an explosion of minatory words. The Ark of the Covenant may have suffered from neglect. It did not feel the hand of violence.

Some of the neglect was due very likely to hostility or indifference. As much, if not more, is to be traced to preoccupation with other issues more dramatic and engrossing. "Legislation affecting judicial structure, unless it calls for wholesale appointments, is without the driving force of a powerful, concentrated, economic, political, or social interest." Very often, "it required a case capable of popular dramatization to secure reform." Judge Humphrey's decision in one of the beef-trust prosecutions, and the decision in the Ives case, which nullified the first workmen's compensation law enacted in New York, set in motion waves of agitation and discussion that reached the halls of Congress and had an outlet in procedural devices on the statute-books today. In default of such a stimulus, the impulse to give relief from the evils of a mounting calendar flickered out at times in words; nothing was done after much had been proposed. Very often what was proposed as a remedy would have been worse than the disease. One feels a shocked surprise at learning that leaders of the bar so eminent as Edward J. Phelps, Cortlandt Parker, William M. Evarts and Richard T. Merrick, were back of a bill to increase the Supreme Court to twenty-one judges, broken up into three divisions of seven members each. Ingenuity would find it hard to suggest a plan more destructive of unity and coherence in the workings of the judicial process. Wiser counsels prevailed. Evarts, one of the most powerful advocates of the scheme of division into sections, became a convert to the proposal for intermediate appellate courts. The Circuit Courts of Appeals and the Judiciary Act of 1891 are the fruits of his conversion.

Since then, an engulfing volume of appeals has made it necessary to raise new dikes and dams to stay the onset of the flood. The latest Judiciary Act of 1925, known as the Judges' Bill, because it was drafted by members of the Court, has narrowed jurisdiction more closely than ever before. With the narrowing of jurisdiction for the relief of the Supreme Court, there has gone a corresponding expansion of the jurisdiction and authority of the courts of intermediate appeal. Much has been wrought in this field through the efforts of Chief Justice Taft, who has developed a rounded program of procedural reform. Hereafter the Supreme Court is to be held, in the main, to its true function. It "has ceased to be a common law court." By this is meant that it is busied less and less with the everyday problems of the law of tort and contract. Its concerns are becoming more and more the overshadowing issues of liberty and government.

The story of how those changes came to pass is recorded in these pages. Recorded there, too, is the story of the other federal courts, for the title, "The Business of the Supreme Court," is an index to a part, and a part only, of the narrative. The book is a history of the organization of the federal judiciary. Scattered, too, through the pages are the wise saws, the pregnant aphorisms, that bespeak the philosophic mind, trained by study and reflection, and subduing its material with easy mastery to order and coherence. So the book is even more than a history of the federal judiciary or a picture of the present system. It is a source-book of instruction, and to some extent of warning, to be read by judges everywhere.

BENJAMIN N. CARDOZO.

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Chinese Painting

Guide Posts to Chinese Painting, by Louise Wallace Hackney. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 221 pages. $10.

ONE of the purposes of Miss Hackney's "Guide Posts to Chinese Painting" is to point out a few of the Chinese ideals and methods which can "enrich the art of the West." Obviously, to accomplish this, one must conceive clearly the difference between our ideals and methods and those of the Chinese. This Miss Hackney is unable to do for two reasons: (1) about western art she knows, or appears to, almost nothing; (2) from what she does know of Chinese art she draws the wrong conclusions. For example, she believes that the Chinese wished primarily to give the inner spirit or reality of their subject, in opposition to the Europeans who contented themselves with the outward form. But in her own book we find that one of the four attributes desired in a Chinese painting was *sun* or form, that the six canons of Hsieh Ho expressly command conformity to nature in the shape and color of the object painted, and that the painter Wu Tao-tzu was praised for exactly the same qualities for which Vasari praised Raphael, and in much the same language. The difference between Chinese and western art would seem, therefore, to be the same as between Italian and Flemish: tools and temperament, not fundamental concepts. If it were otherwise, the two arts would not be mutually understandable.

As to the unphilosophical aspects of the volume—there are too many names for a beginner, and no appreciations sufficiently fresh for an initiate. Elimination of all but a dozen representative names would make it a valuable book. The illustrations are good.

WALTER GUTMAN.

Recent Poetry

The Poetry and Prose of William Blake, edited by Geoffrey Keynes. New York: Random House. 1,152 pages. $5.

The Marriage of Heaven and Hell, by William Blake. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 24 pages. $10.

THE first of these books is the first complete collected edition of Blake to be published in easily accessible form: the text is the same as that of the expensive limited edition published by the Nonesuch Press, and contains all Blake's lyrics, prophetic books, letters, catalogue notes, marginalia and miscellaneous productions (including some very curious pieces, such as a nonsensical satiric romance called "An Island in the Moon"). Admirably edited, attractively bound in blue, and finely printed on thin paper, which, nevertheless, has nothing of the gray look of some of the thin-paper Oxford poets, this volume is one of the most satisfactory publications of the year and the best possible memorial for the Blake centenary.

"The Marriage of Heaven and Hell" has been reproduced in facsimile "from an original copy printed and illuminated by the author between 1825 and 1827"; and it enables us to read Blake, with his own illustrations and decorations, as he desired to be read. The golds, the reds and the yellows, however, which Blake may have intended to blaze, seem with time to have become a little autumnal. There is an interpretative note by Max Plowman.

The Bronze Treasury, edited by Harry Kemp. New York: The Macaulay Company. 448 pages. $3.

THIS "anthology of obscure English poets" consists of short poems and detached passages from all sorts of forgotten writers and from the less well known work of other writers better known. These selections are embedded in a running commentary by Harry Kemp, which, though it gives the volume an appearance of confusion, greatly enhances its interest. Mr. Kemp has a prodigious appetite for poetry and he is also a genuine connoisseur. Compare his selections from Erasmus Darwin, for example, with those of the "Oxford Book of Eighteenth Century Verse": the editor of the latter is more scholarly, but he has not managed to allow the author of "The Loves of the Plants" to appear half as interesting as Harry Kemp has made him, by including, among other things, a remarkable Polar landscape and an astounding description of the offspring of a nightingale and a rose. Mr. Kemp has also made some striking discoveries of apparent literary indebtedness: an "Ode to a Nightingale," for example, by an eighteenth-century poet, Francis Hoyland, who had evidently been read and remembered by Keats.

A Miscellany of American Poetry: 1927. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 304 pages. $2.50.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER'S annual miscellany, containing, as usual, large selections from himself. Mr. Untermeyer has made it a rule to include only poets who have arrived; and the new poets whose reputations seem to him now to have reached a point where it is proper for them to appear in the Miscellany are Léonie Adams, Robinson Jeffers, Archibald MacLeish and Nathalia Crane. If it hadn't been for the fatal introduction of Nathalia Crane, it might have been possible to think that Mr. Untermeyer's taste was improving. The collection is interesting, however: there are some apparently grandiose and loose, but really quite original and distinguished short lyrics by Jeffers: it may be that a Californian literature is possible, after all, and that Jeffers is the first genuine poet of the Pacific. Léonie Adams and Elinor Wylie are attractively represented, but not quite at their best; Edna Millay is at her best in the "Sonnet to Gath." Conrad Aiken and Archibald MacLeish are, in certain respects, puzzling: they are without question two of the most accomplished writers of English verse in the country; yet they are always mimicking other poets. Conrad Aiken, for example, has, and has always had, a voice of his own; I seem to hear it most, among the poems in this volume, in "Meeting," in "At a Concert of Music" and in the final lyric of "Changing Mind." But most of the rest of "Changing Mind" has, not merely the voice, but almost some of the verses of Eliot; and "The Argument" is simply an apocryphal supplement to Blake's "Auguries of Innocence." When poets of the standing of Mr. Aiken and Mr. MacLeish write poems that sound as much like other poets as Mr. Aiken's "Argument" sounds like Blake, or Mr. MacLeish's "Bleheris," in certain respects, like Pound, and another of his poems like Cummings, they ought themselves to be able to perceive it. A poem which only makes us think of someone else is a poem which has no reason for being; and a literary influence which actually substitutes the personality of the influence for the writer's own is as scrupulously to be corrected as a weak rhyme or a faulty rhythm.

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America Arraigned, edited by Lucia Trent and Ralph Cheney. New York: Dean and Company. 95 pages. $1.

A COLLECTION of poems on Sacco and Vanzetti. The principal distinction of the volume lies in the courage and public spirit of the writers in expressing themselves on this subject. Except for one fine poem by Edna Millay, most of the verse itself is banal. One of the most interesting things in the book is a brief description in prose by W. P. Trent of Vanzetti's sister: "The face was pale and tragic, and the purging of my feelings sped apace as though from the effects of Sophoclean art. She was clad in simple black, and seemed a rural not a regal Electra. Clytemnestra and her bloody mate had no part in that play; and there was none to put to death save that protesting pair far away in a prison ward. But Nemesis behind went up into the air." E. W.

Père Barnabé

Refugees of the Meuse, by Henri Frémont. Translated from the French by an American Lady. Verdun: H. Frémont et Fils. $1.

AS the War goes muttering into the distance, like a played-out thunder storm, it becomes increasingly easier to think of it as an accomplished historical event, rather than as the melodrama or nightmare it may have appeared while we were in the midst of it. While the Germans were actually bombarding the forts of Liège, or threatening Paris at the Marne, we could take it in, if at all, only as news; a certain passage of time is necessary to dignify contemporary events into their posthumous perspective. For another thing, many, if not most, human documents are lost underfoot in war-time, and only emerge from the confusion after the world has recovered its breath and its manners.

Such a human document is "Refugees of the Meuse," a little book recording the doings and sayings of Père Barnabé of Samogneux, a refugee in Paris from 1916 to 1918. Père Barnabé is presented to us as a typical old Meusien, cantankerous and stout-hearted, the burden of whose song is "When can I get back home?" Samogneux, by the way, is a real place—what there is left of it—but we have not read far before we suspect that Père Barnabé is the timely invention of a harassed newspaper editor. The book is made up of short journalistic sketches in which the old man is the central figure, or rather, the *advocatus diaboli* against the war-time restrictions of the government. As the author was, after all, primarily interested in keeping up his reader's morale, Père Barnabé, no matter how loudly he grumbles, always allows himself to be persuaded that things are perhaps for the best. The book does not pretend to have much literary value, but as a document of the civilian in war-time it has a special and appealing interest. And in one scene the writer has managed something more than patriotic journalism: when the Germans have been driven back, and Père Barnabé is finally allowed to return to his old home, his despair at the sight of the unexpected, utter desolation is genuine and touching. It is much to the credit of M. Frémont that even in this instance he does not allow hatred to overcome his good sense. And surely he is right. After what has happened to the Père Barnabé's, recrimination would be insufficient, as well as useless. Cultivate your garden. Has better advice ever been given?

T. S. M.

John Paul Jones

John Paul Jones: Man of Action, by Phillips Russell. New York: Brentano's. 314 pages. $5.

THE chief value of Mr. Russell's new book lies in the frank manner in which he deals with his hero's inherent weaknesses as well as his undeniable genius. In writing the life of John Paul Jones, the author has adopted the psychological method, and while wisely avoiding technical terms, he still declares that his hero's great accomplishments as well as his ultimate failure are due to a "split personality": he was too much of an individualist to accept another's leadership, not ruthless enough to walk rough-shod over opposition, in the manner of a Napoleon. Coupled with this is Mr. Russell's ability to tell a good story. The result makes decidedly entertaining reading.

On the other hand, the four obscure spots in the life of Paul Jones are treated with varying success. Regarding his parentage, the author has little to say, which may be excusable on the grounds that there is little that can be said definitely. In the matter of the origin of the name Jones, he does his best deductive reasoning, and succeeds in presenting adequate grounds for assuming that this was not adopted by John Paul out of gratitude to his friend Willie Jones, but solely for the purpose of hiding his identity. Also, he carefully reconstructs, on a basis of fact, that period of his hero's life between the time he fled from Tobago and the outbreak of the American Revolution.

The results are not so satisfactory in regard to the fourth mystery—Jones' relations with Aimée de Tellison, or Mme. T., as he calls her in his letters. Contrary to the statements of other biographers, who declare that this woman passed out of his life after he went to Russia, Mr. Russell says, without giving the source of his information, that Jones visited at her home on his return to Paris and that she spent many hours with him just prior to his death. Concerning the "godchild" referred to in Jones' letters, which Mrs. de Koven felt sure was his natural son by Mme. Tellison, he has no explanation to offer.

The author seems to have gone to original sources to secure his material, but the new facts he has discovered are neither numerous nor striking. Chief among these is the influence of Freemasonry on Jones' life, and while it is undoubtedly new, in the reviewer's opinion its importance is exaggerated. The book as a whole, though very readable, is not profound.

JENNINGS RICE.

Contributors

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